This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

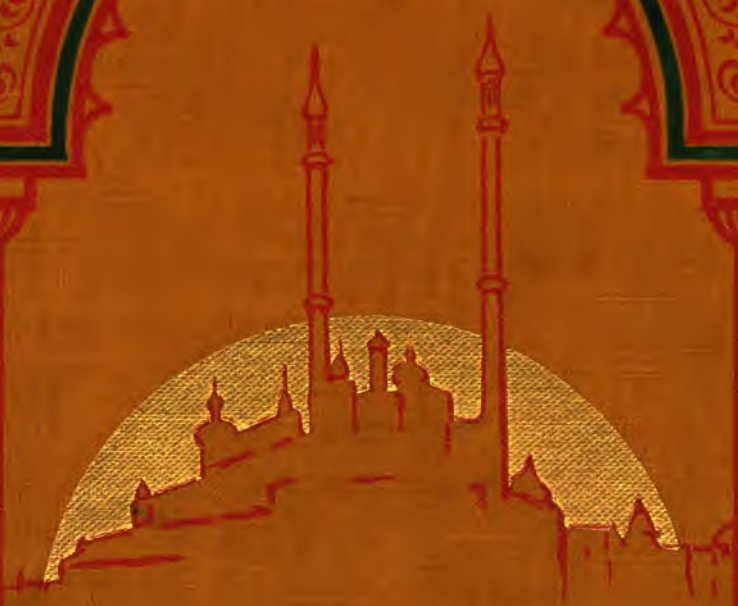
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

HW 1XWG Q

THE GOLDEN WINDOW of the EAST



MILTON REED

Digitized by Google

Gift of The People of the United States
Through the Victory Book Campaign
(A. L. A. — A. R. C. — U. S. O.)
To the Armed Forces and Merchant Marine

Digitized by Google

The Golden Window *of the* East

Oriental Impressions

by

Milton Reed

Author of "A Roving He Would Go," "The Democratic Ideal," "The Sea of Faith," etc.

An hour before the worshipp'd sun
Peered forth the golden window of the east.
—*Shakespeare*

Boston
Sherman, French & Company
1912

Digitized by Google

KE 3972

COPYRIGHT, 1912

Digitized by Google

FOREWORD

The matter of this volume is not buil
guide-books and itineraries. For these t
thor has little use, and has used them bu
in his many wanderings.

The author's theory has been that th
derer, before his start, should absorb in his
ory all the information possible of the co
he is about to visit, keep his mind open fo
impressions, see with his own eyes and ma
own judgments.

All the following chapters were written
spot, as the author moved from place to
and while the local color was most vivid.
most abiding interest was in the human el
the ancient races of the Oriental home-land
in the sharp contrasts in the social life
East and West.

He hopes that some of this interest m
transmuted into the minds of those who are
enough to read the volume.

MILTON RE

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

I

OVERLAND

There lies your way, due West. Then Westward-ho.
Shakespeare.

Leaving Boston, under November skies, the train whisked over the Berkshire Hills into the Hudson Valley; thence reeled through the rich plains of Central New York; chopped into the northwest corner of Pennsylvania; then cut an almost straight line through the Western Reserve of Ohio; flitted through great cities as if over beds of mushrooms; penetrated into Indiana and slipped along a cordon of manufacturing cities; skirted the sandy shores of Lake Erie; thence bounced over the Indiana levels; touched the watery hem of Lake Michigan; and, at last, emptied its passengers in the monster city of Chicago.

CHICAGO

Such a maze of human interests; such a gaunt and smoky exterior; but such cordial and hospitable interiors; such abounding good-fellowship; warm welcomes and regretted partings. Chicago is the typical expression of the American spirit; with its rush, its incredible dynamics

Digitized by Google

of energy, its masterful advance. One's head almost reels in reading of its mighty cobweb of streets; of its millions of capital; of its ambitious buildings, its restless vigor. Chicago is a wonderful mirror of modern life. It has lured to itself some of the best human stuff of the world. It has offered opportunities which have been grasped by the shrewd. Along with talent and brain, there naturally has come also a sweeping-in of some of the world's bilge, from which no community is exempt. The youth and vigor of the city have made it plastic; it responds to every pressure of science and progress.

The instinct for great undertakings, the audacity of conception, the thoroughness of completion, the masterful designs, are what have most deeply impressed me, in the Chicago spirit. Here are two instances:

The immense increase in population, the extension of the city in every direction but the east,—where Lake Michigan imposes an impassable barrier,—the general flatness of the land, the vast volume of railroad traffic, have led, as in other cities, to the abolition of grade crossings. Much of the work has been done; among those uncompleted is the Grand Avenue crossing. It has been learned that 1,400 trains pass over this crossing every day. Now, by the concerted action of the five railroad corporations using it, a gigantic work of engineering, at an estimated cost of $155,000,000, is to create viaducts and

Digitized by Google

subways over and under the prairie. Modern engineering laughs at natural obstacles. The old earth is kneaded, raised and lowered, at man's whim.

In the external aspect of Chicago, nothing is more noticeable than the monstrous buildings in the congested districts. To make way for these towering structures, buildings are ruthlessly sacrificed which, in their day, cost large sums. Greater and greater, higher and higher buildings take their place. I have a friend of German birth, who came to this country, poor, and ignorant of our language, shortly after the close of the Civil War. He obtained work as a carpenter; then became a contractor in the construction of steel-ribbed buildings; acquired land with a wise guess as to the future growth of Chicago; and now is worth several millions of dollars. He is seventy-four years of age, undaunted and progressive. He is leaving his mark upon his adoptive city by the construction of a great apartment building, costing $1,600,000. Age has not chilled his activities. At a time when most men have retreated from life's heats into the calm seclusion of old age, he personally supervises this exacting enterprise with the eagerness of youth; watches every beam and adjustment with a master's eye. He looks not back to the lost years of his past, but advances to meet the industrial needs of the unknown future with a noble audacity. Such is a

Digitized by Google

manifestation of the spirit which has created the Chicago of to-day.

OVER THE ROCKIES

After a day and a half in Chicago, crowded with the gracious hospitality of my friends, Dr. and Mrs. George M. Chamberlin, we took the Overland special at the noble Northwestern Railroad station, for San Francisco. Crossing Illinois and Iowa in the night-time, nothing was seen by us of their stretch of farms of almost unequaled agricultural productiveness. In the early morning we crossed the Missouri from Council Bluffs to Omaha, and entered Nebraska. Here we had the first touch of winter. The temperature had fallen to the freezing point during the night, and a light fluff of snow had powdered the dun fields. As we crossed the River Platte, its surface was crusted with a film of ice. All day long the train rolled over the Nebraska prairies. We skipped for a few miles into Colorado, and then twisted into rugged, scrawny Wyoming. The rolling land, dusty with alkali, the bare furrows, the wrinkled hills, had an inhospitable aspect, juiceless and hard. In Utah we felt the solitudes of its deserts; not so grim as those of New Mexico and Arizona, but inarticulate in their dreariness. Sagebrush and the cactus are their expression of vegetable life; rock, dust and alkali sprinkle the landscape with a grizzly color. It was in Great Salt Lake valley that I again

Digitized by Google

realized what the Mormons had done in the way of fighting the ferocity of nature, reclaiming the wilderness and fitting it for the needs of man. From Omaha onward we had been on the Union Pacific system. Once more I rode over the trestle, some thirty miles in length, which the railroad company has built, across an arm of Great Salt Lake. Uncanny, spectral, uninterpretable are such basins of salt as this lake and the Dead Sea of Palestine. We associate inland waters with buoyant, bubbling life. Shores glistening with crystal salt, a pungent, saline odor in the air, an absence of birds and fish-life, drape such a body of water in a shroud of unreality.

Yet, the setting was splendid; around us, the dipping hills of the Uinta and Wasatch mountain ranges; the lead-colored waters, tinted with the flickering rays of the descending sun; the air, sparkling under some current of electric vortices; the long train curling along over the trestle. The scene was one of almost supernatural beauty; all was so strange, so detached from conventional life.

Then the train plunged into the mountain gorges. Nevada, with its arid hills, its wilderness of sage brush, was traversed during the night. In the morning there was a stop at Reno, and we entered California at Truckee and came under the Southern Pacific system. Soon we were in a wonderland of mystery and beauty. The snowsheds over the track on the

Digitized by Google

high Sierras being passed, and the Continental Divide, some 8000 feet in altitude, having previously been crossed; desert, alkali, dust and grime left behind,—we fed our eyes on the glorious beauty of the Blue Canyon and the riotous Sierras. The great ranches of the Sacramento Valley were spread out like enormous fans. A flange of hills sent down a current of sweet mountain air. We had spanned canyons, heard the gurgle of tumbling waterfalls, leaped from mountain to valley and from valley to mountain; rocky fastnesses had opened their arms for us; the plains had crouched before us; we were in Sacramento. From this point the ride to Benicia did not seem long. Here a huge ferry boat swallowed our train. We passed over the water, under the shadow of Mount Diabolo, to Oakland; thence in the early afternoon we were delivered from another and longer ferry-ride into San Francisco.

SAN FRANCISCO

The city at the Golden Gate has arisen from its ruins into splendor. The old San Francisco is no more. The Forty-Niners would no longer recognize it. I was here, on the last of several visits, when the crack of the earthquake, the fiery breath of a conflagration, had left the city scarred and blasted. Now it is a network of vast hotels and apartment houses. I asked myself: Are there no homes here? Detached

Digitized by Google

houses are rare. Market Street is again lined with big shops, theaters, hotels and cafes. The unique climate alone has not changed. Chilly winds still squeal over the city. One side of a street may be semi-tropical; the other freezing. There had been no rain for months; the air was pregnant with impalpable dust. The rainy season was due; I know from experience what a splash and wash this season is in San Francisco.

Our stay in California was brief; most of it passed as the guests of my classmate, William T. Reid, at Belmont.

Digitized by Google

II

ON THE PACIFIC

FROM THE GOLDEN GATE TO HONOLULU

The burden of the desert of the sea.
Isaiah.

Back in San Francisco for one night; then the embarkment the next day for the tremendous voyage to Hong Kong, over the trackless Pacific. We embarked amid the hub-bub of farewells, the scrambling after luggage, and the usual confusion attending the departure of a steamer. Once on board, one seemed to have stepped into the Orient. The officers were Americans, but all the crew and stewards Chinese; and every one of the Chinese had suffered amputation of his queue, to indicate his sympathy with the revolutionary party in the Celestial Empire.

November 9.—The steamer is now about 900 miles from the Golden Gate. Its huge bulk slips along gently on the soft bosom of the Pacific. It carries 1000 souls; each leading his own life; living on the steamer for variant purposes. There do not seem to be many tourists; it is not yet the tourist season. There are quite a number of government officials bound for Manila; some are

Digitized by Google

spruce officers, who walk the deck with a military air; others are clerks and educators. The American government allows each of its Philippine employés a six months' vacation, with full pay and an allowance for transportation, every three years. This is necessary for sanitary considerations. Surely the Philippines are a costly experiment.

The passengers represent many nationalities. Steamer life is a strange mixture. The accident of travel brings together representatives of many strains of the sons of men. Perhaps twenty Japanese are on the way to their home land, Nippon; all can talk English; they are courteous and affable.

Travel is certainly not a field for serious reading. A life of constant change is jerky and ragged. However, nearly all travelers pretend to read something, however frothy. On cars and steamers the trashy novel reigns supreme. In our parlor car I observed but one person reading a serious book, and he was a Japanese, Prof. Coolidge's "The United States as a World Power."

A few missionaries are among the passengers—men generally of culture, who are willing to expatriate themselves from home and friends to carry the religion of Christ, a message of good will, of education and of uplift, to the weltering millions in Asia.

Digitized by Google

About one-half the passengers are business men, traders: buyers of Oriental wares; sellers of American machinery; purchasers of rubber in the East.

So, each of us wanderers "chases his favorite phantom." Each has his purpose. Some magnet has drawn all of us into this iron monster furrowing its way over the abysmal wastes of the Pacific.

November 10.—Perhaps the most impressive element in a voyage over the Pacific is that of its desolateness and solitude. We are now three days out from the Golden Gate; and, in that time, have sighted but one vessel, a Japanese steamer. Even the birds of the air and the finny creatures of the deep refuse us their companionship. The air and ocean seem destitute of organic life.

Many Chinese in the steerage spend their time and risk their hard earnings in gambling at fantan. At home or abroad, the gambling instinct lures too many of the Orientals into poverty. What drunkenness is to the Occidental, so is gambling to the Oriental: forces which condemn thousands to the scrap-heap. Yet gambling seems an almost universal mania. The great American game of poker absorbs the attention of a score of tourists in the first cabin. There are rumors of all-night sittings at the game: of large losses and gains, as a matter of course.

Glorious weather still. The ocean seems a flowing curtain of purple, tufted with sprays of cresting white.

Digitized by Google

November 11.—We are leaving the trade-winds behind us. A wave of heat has swept up from the tropics and is cushioning the air.

Singular: what a mixture of people gathers on the iron tub which is ferrying us over the Pacific. A millionaire-dowered daughter of a great railroad magnate, anemic and pale, spends a part of her honeymoon tour in sucking cigarettes. She is not the only female on board who indulges in this pastime.

Singular, also: How the Latin races have been taught politeness. A Brazilian lawyer and his wife sat near us at the table, attractive in the neatness of their apparel and elegant in their natural courtesy. When will we of the English-speaking race find time to cultivate our manners to this velvet finish? Are we too busy?

Such glorious moonlight, mellow and lustrous. The wrinkled sea trembles in silver threads under the moon's opulence. On the Pacific, time and space have little meaning; the ocean seems a type of universal space: "Thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone."

Under the flare of the sun, and in the silent watches of the night, we have the sweeping ocean to ourselves. We seem to touch infinitude. The big steamer rocks, under its subdued enginery, softly as a sea-fowl. On the heaving breast of the ocean it is only a feather. The waters close over its wake. It is hardly a bubble in the yeast of brine.

Digitized by Google

III

RAINBOW-CROWNED HONOLULU

From summits where tired winds are fain,
Spent with the vast and howling main,
To treasure half their island-gain.

Browning.

November 14.—Is it possible that we have been in rainbow-decked Honolulu and are now a day's run from it? What a fleeting vision of one of the sweetest of this world's beauty spots! In the silences of the early morning the island of Oahu rose from the deep and lured us ashore. Passing the great cliff of Diamond Head, now the guardian of Honolulu, ribbed with cannon, perforated with port-holes, stored with reservoirs of powder, food and water; linked from side to side with a tunnel pierced through the spongy tufa, we entered the harbor of the city. In the background towered Punch Bowl and Tantalus, the two hills upon whose flanks the city creeps down to the shore-line. A thicket of trees embowered the sections of the city used for residences. As the steamer lurched its way up to the wharf, buildings familiar to me came into view. As we drew within hailing distance, a wave of the hand told me that my friend, Hon. William

Digitized by Google

R. Castle, had come down to meet me, with gracious Hawaiian hospitality. Soon we were by his side and were riding in a motor-car, as his guests, along rows of hibiscus, a wealth of the scarlet poinsettia, by columns of plumy palms, and all the pageant of aborescent beauty which gilds the landscapes of this delicious land. Sweet was the air that was distilled from the hills. A rainbow, glistening on the uplands, in the refraction from a morning shower, was, indeed, the bow of promise.

Swarthy Kanakas were on the streets peddling fruits and flowers. Gorgeous wreaths (leis) were offered to the stranger to be worn on his neck, as a symbol of welcome. All was so different from the colder life of our home-land; a gush of warmth, a flow of friendliness, a cordial of sunshine; the whispering fall of the mountain brooks; the downy clouds; the feathering surf breaking over the coralline reefs; the blending of strange races; all presented aspects of that delicate charm with which those mid-Pacific islands are dowered.

Our car, a Kanaka half-breed acting as chauffeur, was soon on its way to Waikiki Beach and the Moana Hotel, to the aquarium, where we saw some of the strangest and most beautiful forms of fish-life that inhabit the ocean. With the possible exception of the aquarium at Naples, Italy, this at Honolulu contains the most interesting types of fish of all such exhibitions.

Digitized by Google

MARINE LIFE

How little we know of marine life; its populousness and diversity; of the splendor of color; the amazing variety of anatomy. No bird that springs into the vaulted air and circles in space; no feathered inhabitant of Brazilian or African forests, no winged wilding of the jungle, plain or mountain, is preened with more glorious colors than some of these finny creatures, whose home is in the translucent coral-groves, whose element is the deep, cool brine. What a cornucopia Mother Nature must have when she distills such glorious coloring in the alembic of the ocean and paints it over tiny creatures, whose wanderings are where no human eye follows them. Is this waste or does it prove that when the brain and eye of man have been trained by the study of all the relations of organic life, we shall find harmonies and beauty everywhere; in the echoing caves of the ocean, as well as in the starry gardens of the sky, and in the wild flowers that gush and gleam wherever the properties of the soil permit them to live.

Little, indeed, do we know of the copiousness, richness and incalculable diversities of every form which life assumes; and all this seeming wastefulness may have an element of economy.

For instance, in the Honolulu aquarium, fish-life begins with the flat creatures, whose bodies

Digitized by Google

called, so closely resembles the sand or gravel at the bottom of the tank that they are scarcely distinguishable from the earthy substance. The grossest types are thus shielded from their enemies by nature's protective forces. Then the types ascend to the exquisite angel-fish; the electric eel, and many a creature which glided through the water, contributing a flash of color and a gracefulness of motion closely akin to bird-life. One type of fish was cerulean blue, as the naturalist Thoreau said of the bluebird, "carrying the sky on its back"; others were painted in red, as if swathed in fire; some were zebra-striped; some of a pale, opalescent, bluish color. There were ranges of decoration from the intensest and deepest hues to the faintest, softest and most delicate pigments into which the gold, silver and most heightened daubs had evaporated. The craw-fish crawled along the bottom; the repulsive squid, the cuttle-fish, opened his tubular lungs and clung, a pulpy, flabby mass, to the coral. Thus the fish-life passed from distorted, hideous forms into shapes of rare and changeful loveliness; children of the coral groves; born, living, dying, in their natural element of brine; their lives spent in killing each other in the great charnel house of the ocean.

The outlay of the United States government in fortifying Pearl Harbor and Diamond Head and establishing the military defense of the islands has dispersed a great amount of money

Digitized by Google

among the local communities. There were evidences of a healthy growth since my last visit; of new roads established; more houses; a larger civic life.

A revisit to the Pali, the picturesque mountain pass; the scene of a sanguinary battle in 1795, which resulted in the conquest of Oahu by King Kamehemeha; a pass which is a gash in volcanic hills embroidered in living green, and commanding a superb view of ocean, valley, coasts, vaulting hills, and billowy sky, was a fitting close to a lovely day, which had been crowned with such unstinted hospitality and rounds of pleasure.

Now the beautiful island of Oahu, embroidered with rainbows, freshened by gurgling cataracts, shadowed with verdant valleys, fringed with palms, fanned by soft winds, washed by the foaming surf, pranked with the plumage of tropical shrubs, and above all, inhabited by people with whom hospitality is spontaneous and directed by a high courtesy,—is left behind.

Once more the bulky steamer moves beyond the jetties. Eighty passengers have left us and only twelve new ones have started on our run of ten days to Yokohama.

STEAMER-LIFE

November 17.—Three days out from Honolulu, in a general northwesterly course. The Pa-

Digitized by Google

cific presents an expressionless face; except for the wake of our steamer there is not a fleck of white on its green cloak. No whisper reaches us from its rhythmic swell. The lustrous air is charged with a gush of heat which has sucked the sharp edge of the trade-winds. It seems like an empty vortex; as if all life-sustaining qualities had been exhausted by some heat-drainage. Life aboard the steamer shares in the atmospheric narcotic. Women have donned thin apparel; men are in their shirt-sleeves. The opiate of the Orient saps Northern vigor and de-energizes brain and muscle. The mind recoils from exercise; to read is soon to forget what has been read. Alone, with no companionship but that of the voiceless ocean and mute stars, in unimaginable desolateness, we have the Pacific to ourselves. Above its immeasurable expanse, the hollow dome of the sky, tinged at the dip of the horizon with silvery clouds, seems an inverted ocean.

November 18.—To-day is Saturday on the calendar. It should be Friday, but that day has been lost; blotted out. This morning we crossed the meridian of 180 degrees, and therefore dropped a day. In following the run westward we lose about twenty minutes each day; midway from Greenwich the lost hours amount to a full day; so it dies, still-born. Thus we have the strange experience of living two days in one. Our artificial contrivance for marking the time collides with astronomical time; the natural prevails over

Digitized by Google

the artificial; man's calendar loses going westward what it gains going eastward. This week, then, must get along with six days.

AVOIDING A TYPHOON

The typhoon is the dread of mariners on the Pacific, where it has its lair. The monsoon is a steady wind which blows in certain months of the year in the central and southern Pacific. When it sweeps from the Himalayas, it scorches and blisters; when it pours itself up from Polynesia it brings rain. It is not destructive in violence.

The typhoon arises from an atmospheric depression; a vacuum is created; the winds rush in to fill it; a tremendous energy is developed; destruction, often death, are in its dreaded wake; it is cyclonic; it races in a circle.

Yesterday, as I have written, was almost preternaturally calm; pulseless, windless. The ocean was ironed down to a glassy mirror; at times the air was stifling; to breathe it was like panting in a vacuum. What did this uncanniness mean? The passengers did not know, but the steamer's officers did. Night before last, the click of the wireless was heard by us for some time; yet no message was reported. It was evident that someone had communicated with our steamer. The officers kept their own counsel.

Shortly after lunch the crew were piped to a fire drill. Some wore life preservers; at a signal the lifeboats were lowered and then raised back

Digitized by Google

to their positions. Later on, all the awnings were removed; the oars were taken from the life-boats and stacked in detachments on the deck. The Chinese crew did all this work in an orderly manner.

Then, suddenly, the steamer's course was changed from the northwest to the south; speed was slacked; evidently the machinery was under test, to ascertain if it would respond to the compass in a sudden emergency; the tests appeared to be satisfactory.

Passengers wondered what all this meant; they soon understood something of the situation. Almost instantaneously a frowning mass of dark cloud seemed to leap from the sea into the air to the westward. It grew darker and darker, and its monstrous face was anything but benignant. Like an all-compassing shadow it moved toward the steamer. Had we continued on the northwesterly course it would have enveloped us; but, like a deer escaping from a wolf's jaws, the captain had the steamer to the southward.

Night fell upon the deep while the steamer was clipping its way from the mop of clouds. A wash of ruffling waves lay between us. Lookouts were stationed at several angles of the steamer. The captain kept to the bridge; there was no excitement; possibly no serious danger; but the situation demanded extreme caution. We saw why so many precautionary measures had

Digitized by Google

been taken. We afterwards learned that the wireless, on the night before, had caught word from an east-bound steamer that it had encountered rough weather and a typhoon on the coast of Japan. Thus the wireless saved our steamer from a present encounter with it. We rode out of its wake forewarned. The steamer was not sucked into its vortex, to struggle with the hideous aerial monster; born from the uncreate; whose air-strands are strong as links of iron; whose impalpable arms have the clutch of death; in whose vice many a sailing-craft has gone down to watery death; an enemy with which the giant steamer, sheathed in iron, buttressed with most powerful machinery, dreads to grapple. Such is one of the perils of the deep; perils that grow less and less, as the human brain provides mechanical weapons to the mariner, with which to meet them.

To-day, the cloud-monster has vanished. The water is corrugated. Once more on our north-west course, the temperature is falling. For some days, at least, we are emerging from tropical heats.

We are chopping along in the foaming trough left by the typhoon. That eyeless, formless, bodyless creature of the air, that dragon of invisible powers, whose teeth and claws are the sightless winds, has left us at least for a time. Is it dissolved into its impalpable elements or is it brooding in the path of some other wayfarer on the Pacific?

Digitized by Google

IV

JAPAN REVISITED

From the far-off isles enchanted
Heaven has planted
With the golden fruit of Truth.

Longfellow.

November 24.—When I peeked out of the porthole in my stateroom this morning, I was glad to see a landfall, the rocky coast of Japan. More than 3300 miles of ocean waste were behind us since we left Honolulu. We had crept up into the Northwest Pacific; encountered strong winds and rushing currents. Nothing was left of our track. We had merely made a few bubbles, a little spray on the laughing or sobbing ocean, which had immediately been swallowed into its all-devouring stomach.

Now we are to tread once more on the dry husk of the earth; to exchange our desolateness for human companionship.

The first to greet us were the white-robed gulls. Where there is a vessel, their instinct tells them there may be food. Out of the silences of the sky, rising and falling with the billows, fanning the salty air, they whirled around us.

The sea is a great feeder of Japan. Without

Digitized by Google

its harvest of fish it is hard to see how its swarming millions could subsist. As it is, there are reports of tendencies to exhaustion of the fish supply; and the government is taking measures to protect it. Poultry is almost the only flesh food of the Japanese. For ages, the nimble, athletic little Jap has made the sea his home; from it he has drawn food which has largely fed the nation.

We passed through the skein of forts whch guard Yokohama and Tokio. The harbor of the latter is shallow and of little value.

SOME JAPANESE PORTS

Yokohama is the main port of entry of Japan. It is cordoned with military defenses. Millions and millions of money have been expended in developing them. We saw, at a distance, the navy-yard where Japan now builds her men-of-war. The spunky little kingdom does not intend to be caught napping. Like England, its insularity is one of its main defenses. An enemy can steal upon it only from the sea; so, everywhere where a hostile force may land forts guard the coast. No one is allowed to take any photographs within a certain distance of a Japanese military reservation. The Imperial Year Book suppresses all information as to the size of the army and navy. This is one of the secrets of the East. The Japanese have the listening ear and the silent tongue. When one of them is asked as to the military defenses of his country, he shrugs

Digitized by Google

his shoulders, gives the Japanese grin, and answers: "I do not know."

We landed at the pier in Yokohama from a tender, the harbor being too shallow for a steamer of heavy draught. The drizzle gave a moist, shabby, flabby look to streets and buildings. This is my second experience in touching Yokohama under moist skies. The streets were slimy. As we rode through them, in jinrikisha chairs, it was not long before our noses caught the Oriental smell. This is as pungent as the call of the East. The city of Yokohama is growing rapidly. We took the train for Tokio, and saw a great number of buildings under construction. The business sections are fast becoming Occidentalized. Buildings of brick, stone, iron, perhaps concrete, are succeeding to the flimsy boxes of wood, with partitions and windows of paper, which are common forms of Japanese architecture.

This change is even more true of Tokio, the capital of the empire; an immense city, stretched like a huge cobweb on a plain; perhaps the fourth or fifth of the cities of the world in the number of inhabitants.

Main Street in Tokio resembles Broadway in New York, in the size and quality of its shops. Moreover, many of them had signs in the English language. On all sides, the spirit of the new Japan is evident; men have largely adopted Eu-

Digitized by Google

ropean dress; the women are generally more conservative and wear the national garb. The front windows in the shops are decorated with as much profusion as in America. Unfortunately, a too prominent sign is that of liquor establishments. The curse of alcoholism is new to the Orient, except in the form of some native spirits, like the Japanese saki, a drink distilled from the alcoholic principle in rice. The European and American drinks are growing in popular use. What effect this fact will have in the degeneration of the tough fiber of the Japanese physique remains to be seen. It certainly cannot make for good.

Once more the quiet little homes, with tiled or thatched roofs, with miniature gardens, irregular, winding, spangled with roses and chrysanthemums, girded with fluted fences or hedges, threw their charms around the visitor. Bare-headed women, with coal-black hair, clothed in kimonos, many of them with babies cuddled in pouches on their backs; swarms of swarthy children, with gleaming eyes, white teeth, smiling, smiling, smiling with looks of curious wonder at the American visitors; feet clattering with wooden clogs; flowing tunics, little, round arms;—these revealed the difference between America and these far-off isles.

Modern Tokio is a city of wide boulevards, big shops, electric lights; show windows, paved side-walks, automobiles, bicycles, parks, trolley cars

Digitized by Google

of vulgarized fashion and up-to-date frivolities. Old Tokio and old Yokohama are types of the Japan of the rapidly fading past; narrow, dirty streets, without sidewalks; either reeking with slime on a wet day, or flushed with dust in dry weather; little bits of houses and shops, where all the wares are exposed to view in the open air, regardless of filthy dust or soaking rain; lanterns suspended at all shop-fronts; chattering, grinning men and women, standing in doors or on the streets; all the fronts unclosed, except by a drawn screen during the night; handiwork going on in many of these; crowds of people, jostling each other, on foot or in 'rickshaws; curious wares, strange toys; gewgaws and jimcracks of all kinds; no one seeming to feel any inconvenience from mud or dust; a reeling, drifting, sputtering, bubbling mass of human atoms; such is a partial picture of street life in Old Japan.

FUJIYAMA

November 25.—We are again on the ocean; bound for Kobe. The sail down the Yokohama harbor was very lovely. Mount Fujiyama graciously arose from the drifting clouds and exhibited her snowy head for many a mile; a mammilary dome, graceful, pure, beautifully rounded. The day has been one of crystal clearness. The mountain, so often veiled in mists, could not have been seen to better advantage. It is the regal peak of Japan, invested with religious awe,

Digitized by Google

swathed in superstitions; a sacred mountain, which thousands of devotees ascend every year. It is a source of fear and dread, as well as of worship. Probably, if we knew the geologic history of the vicinage, we should find that out of the vomit from its yawning crater and those of sister mountains has been formed a large part of the island. Rock, ashes, dust, gases, have been spewn from its ghastly stomach; from these have come soil, crops, and vegetal life, when its sputum had been enriched by vitalizing elements; when the rock had been pounded into slime, refreshed by the rains; and the winds and birds had contributed germs of life.

Well may the Japanese stand in awe before the creative forces of Fujiyama. Popular superstitions generally have their roots in some historical fact; imagination idealizes the bare fact in a semi-poetic garb; the fact is merged into the halo of a myth; it becomes consecrated by time, impressed upon the mystic sense of the people; at last, a cult gathers around it; man builds a temple, a shrine, a cairn, as a link between fact and legend; and, at last, the historic perspective is forgotten. Fujiyama, the destroyer, the creator; its core in the bowels of the earth; its base on the earth's hard crust; its venerable head wreathed in snows; its trunks, scoriated with fissures, stands as the type of the permanent in history, so far as any earthly thing is permanent.

Digitized by Google

pan; it has created and destroyed over and over again. In the light of its age, mankind are only as puppets. Races may die out; kingdoms be overthrown; civilizations ground into dust; armies melt, navies drown; customs, garbs and all human usages become dreams,—yet the volcano stands in its awful majesty. Its base is not built on stubble. It makes no note of time. Ages fall into its crater like drops of rain. The tooth of years may gnaw at its vitals; decay may attempt its destruction; but new forces come to its aid; if it must die at last, it spawns a fresh progeny of younger volcanoes to take its place. Ruthless, pitiless, lifeless, monstrous in magnitude, sucking into its pores all the shifting climates of the world, from the tropical heats to arctic ice,—it may almost truly say: "I am Japan; the Land of the Rising Sun is myself."

Digitized by Google

V

THE JAPAN OF TO-DAY.

Everything is always changing; yet everything is always the same.

French Proverb.

Nov. 29.—Japan, with all its wonders and picturesqueness, is left behind. Its craggy shores have receded from view. Our stay in the Japanese ports was brief, but it gave an opportunity to review former impressions and to catch a fugitive glimpse of some of the moving changes which are re-moulding Japanese life.

These changes, which began forty years ago, are still active. The nation is progressing into new paths, unknown in the days of the Shoguns, Samurais and Daimios. A new Japan has risen from the dim past. Japan has moved from its seclusion into an expansive freedom which is at variance with almost every tradition and prejudice embedded in the national character. The sharp revolution has been peaceful. Japan, isolated from the Asiatic continent, by a waste of seas, scant of soil, limited in natural resources, the buffer kingdom of the Orient, swathed in the

Digitized by Google

Western light. It has put on the new, without entirely wrenching itself from the old. It has borrowed, adopted, adjusted, assimilated; it has grafted on its parent stem without destroying the trunk.

Three years have done much to change the external aspect of Japanese life, since my last visit, and have produced many changes. I have already spoken of some of them:—the widening of streets; the use of brick, stone and iron in the construction of houses; the change in the costumes of the men; soldiers, sailors, policemen, and apparently most of the business men in the larger cities adopting the European style of dress; coats and trousers succeeding to kimonos; the great increase of the use of the English language.

The Japanese smile is everywhere. The nation has not lost this charming asset. The peasant, who ages ago, was compelled to smile when he met a Samurai,—gradually incorporated his smile among the little civilities of life, and it has been absorbed as something no longer artificial, but as an instinctive act.

THE UNDER-WORLD

In fact, docility seems to be a part of the character of Japanese women. To renounce, to submit, to study the art of pleasing the male sex, is drilled into them from girlhood. As a race, the Japanese men, while holding a degrading conception of womankind, common in the Orient, are

Digitized by Google

generally not physically cruel to women. In the large cities, this contempt may take the form of using wives and daughters as a commercial asset. The sexes are allowed two standards of morality; and the women are the sufferers. What is called white slavery in the United States,—an insidious evil to which public attention was too long indifferent,—is rife in Japan. Some cities derive a considerable revenue from licensed prostitution. The conscience of the nation has not been awakened to this hideous barbarism. The Christian missionaries are doing all they can to create an honorable public sentiment against the traffic in women, but so far with no great degree of success. The stream of pollution will flow through the nation, until higher ethical standards are developed. This hideous problem is at present the plague-spot of Japan. The nation has extirpated caste; adopted a constitutional form of government; has done marvels in war. Now it needs an internal reform; a birth of righteousness. Its present great peril is subjective; its stains must be washed out from within. Sin, evil, vice, licentiousness, exist everywhere; they are incident to human society. Japan is one of the few countries which throw a legal sanction over the most insidious of all evils.

THE NEAR FUTURE

Frugal, thrifty, industrious, patient, burden-bearing, and good-natured, the little Jap is build-

Digitized by Google

ing better than he knows. His country is the hope of Asia; the rising star of the Orient; the connecting link between the dreamy, inert millions of the vast Asian continent, and the audacious, vigorous, mechanical Occident. The Jap does not sin against the light, as a Christian does. He is the victim of a degraded religion; his vices are the ruck and rot of his immense past.

Meanwhile, the little Japs, male and female, are contributing their due part in the human drama. As I have sailed by the rocky isles, observed the sterility of much of the soil, watched the tiny parterres of terraced land, rising from the shore-line to the summits of the hills, I have been impressed by the thought of the enormous physical energy required to feed nearly 50,000,000 people in this contracted territory, where there are scarcely three acres of arable land to each inhabitant; of the sweat, toil, and weariness which sustain the congested nation. Even in the cities and towns, we see this economy of land. One enters a tiny shop; usually rather dingy; in the rear is a paper partition; but open this partition, and a bit of a garden appears, hidden between the walls. As the Japanese sense of art rejects the severity of straight lines, every path is zig-zag; it curves among little rockeries; stunted evergreen trees and flowering shrubs furnish the greenery and color.

Then such courtesy to customers. Article after article is pulled out, in the hope that one of

Digitized by Google

them will hit his taste and wallet. When the customer enters and leaves, all the clerks bow low. The higgling over bargains is a sharp intellectual exercise. The Oriental is a born trader. Some of the larger shops in Tokio and Yokohama have fixed prices, but in most of the smaller shops prices are extremely flexible. Such seductive goods; silks, and kimonos, with the hues of a flower garden; wood and ivory carvings, bronzes, shell work, lacquer, all kinds of metal work, screens, cloisonné; and especially the beautiful pottery, which is one of the ancient arts of Japan.

TAX-BURDENS

Japan is still in the backwash of the Russian war. It is learning the cost of military glory. It faced the Russian giant and overthrew him. Its victory was on the side of progress. But it left a trail of debt which is taxing the resources of the Island Kingdom to the highest tension. Taxes have been heaped upon taxes. The stiff backbone of the nation is bending under them. The old statesmen, so-called, who carried the country through the Chinese and Russian wars, are passing away. The vast national debt is a cancer which is draining the vitals of business. Every possible source of public revenue seems to have been tapped and sucked dry.

Nevertheless, the irony of international jealousies compels Japan to maintain an expensive [illegible] and navy. Much of the flower of its youth

Digitized by Google

is seized for the national defense. Japan is poor in money and in land. The annexation of Formosa and Korea will supply some of the latter need; but as wealth must, in the last analysis, be grubbed out of the soil, and Japan possesses such a small arc of the earth, the increase in wealth must be slow.

Even in the mechanical arts it is hard pressed. Its silks, teas and rice are its main exports. In pottery, Germany and Austria are wounding it sorely; both because of the better quality of their clay, and from the use of highly specialized machinery; while most of the Japanese ceramics are hand-made.

As "the destruction of the poor is their poverty," it is poverty which keeps Japan from sorely-needed internal improvements and from becoming a great maritime nation. The sea is a part of the national dower. Already the nation has two lines of steamers, subsidized by the government, which are among the finest of the Pacific merchant marine.

Considering its territorial limitations and its congested millions of people, it is doubtful if any nation on the earth has contributed more than Japan, in late years, to a sense for orderly administration and social improvement. Nature casts no two nations in the same mould. The infinite diversity in humanity makes it picturesque. The Japanese are a picturesque nation, indeed. From the nimble, simple-minded jinriki-

Digitized by Google

sha coolie, with his white teeth, bubbling chatter, vivacious spirits, sly overcharges—a sort of human squirrel—to the reserved, subtle financier or statesman, impenetrable, elusive, through the whole gamut of Japanese social gradations—all are interesting.

The real Japan, as may be said of the national life of every country, is not in the large cities where life is standardized and flows in an energy of turbid current,—but must be seen in the shy villages, whose human beings live as in coverts, and where tradition and custom cake society with an impress that is not easily disturbed. Cities, the world over, are becoming monotonously similar. Steam and electricity are transforming all of them into a common mould.

NAGASAKI

Nagasaki,—once one of the famous ports of Japan, now shrunk to a somnolent, little place,—was quaint and sweet as ever. Around it is a sweep of wooded hills; its shores are bathed in one of the prettiest of bays, the entrance to which is like winding into a secluded lake. Its narrow, tortuous streets are crowded with shy shops, where the visitor finds a rich assortment of national wares.

The last time I was in Nagasaki was at the awakening of the spring; the scene was flooded with vernal sunshine: flowers were embroidering

Digitized by Google

histic Easter: richly robed priests and dancing priestesses paraded the streets; the cherry, peach and plum flung their blossoms into the scented air. Everything, vocal and voiceless, spoke of indwelling and inflowing life; of birth and growth, not of decay and death.

This time I saw it when nature is administering its anodyne for the sleep of winter:—in the ebbing hours of November. The clouds poured down copious rains; there was an occasional burst of brassy sunshine, which seemed to bronze the hills and houses. A querulous wind raked and chilled all that it touched. Yet, in spite of slop, slime and drip, Nagasaki, next to Nikko and Nara, has a charm which no other town has presented to me. Its face is always welcome, whether under the smile of spring, or the chilly touch of approaching winter.

JAPAN AND THE UNITED STATES

All the Japanese whom I have met scout the thought of a war with the United States. The idea that little Japan,—smothered in debt, ground by taxation, burdened to the water-edge, should seek a war with the most powerful nation on earth, seems to them an insanity. Surely it is. On the other hand, the Japanese regard the Americans as their best friends. They are not a migratory race. They idolize their home-land. This idealization is the core of their intense patriotism and of the Shinto worship.

Digitized by Google

To keep Japan from a financial collapse; to protect the integrity of its credit; to wring out of its impoverished people the interest on its huge debt; to correct ancient abuses; to develop the scant resources of the pigmy country; all these and many other vexatious problems are enough to tax the uttermost resources of the empire. Japan is under a terrific strain. It is in no position to take risks; unless a foreign war were started as a mask to conceal internal rottenness, as Louis Napoleon plunged France into the disastrous war with Germany. This calamity is not probable.

The voyage down the Inland Sea, from Kobe to Nagasaki, was not under the golden pomp of sun and sky, under which I made it before. Yet, even if the clouds were leaden, and occasionally opened their sieve for an effusion of rain, the run through this enchanted, mountain-rimmed, flashing sea was not without charm. If not tricked out with radiant sun-gleams, if the sparkles were absent, and the light lack-luster, there was at least a glimmer of untaught, incommunicable loveliness;—a succession of shy villages, a heap of hills, a skein of bays, a fringe of forests, shimmering valleys, vaulting uplands, the rhythmic monotone of the chanting sea;—silver-sweet mists, vaporous films, gleams of light refracted from a thousand prisms. The choral of inanimate life was in a minor key, but all was harmony.

Digitized by Google

VI

THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

Take up the white man's burden—
  Send forth the best ye breed—
Go bind your sons to exile
  To serve your captives' need:
To wait in heavy harness
  On fluttered folk and wild,—
Your new-caught, sullen peoples,
  Half-devil and half-child.

Kipling.

December 6.

The steamer's run of 1,300 miles, from Nagasaki to Manila, was over smooth seas and under soft skies.

On the second day we sighted the beetling cliffs of the Island of Formosa. It arose by our side, frowned upon us until the late hours of the night; then receded like a fleck of sea-foam. This island, now Japanese territory, is some 264 miles long and 80 miles wide. It is said to be very productive, and to be gradually responding to the energetic administration of Japanese officials.

On the third day the headlands of Luzon

Digitized by Google

sation that we were nearing a remote, isolated fragment of the territory of the United States.

The approach to Manila, after entering the picturesque bay, was inspiring. Nature has been lavish in enriching the city with a harbor of unusual beauty. We passed under the lee of the rocky island of Corregidor, where the American fleet, in 1898, under command of the once famous Admiral Dewey, successfully evaded the submarine mines set by the Spaniards. Corregidor is now strongly fortified. The American navy yard is at Subig Bay. Many millions of money have been expended by the American government upon the military defenses of the Philippine Islands, since it unwarily set its feet into the snare of Asiatic politics.

At Cavite we passed over purged waters, once reddened with human blood, when Dewey battered the Spanish fleet with crashing shells, and drove it down to watery death. Not a vestige of the hulks is now to be seen.

PHILIPPINE PROBLEMS

The destruction of the Spanish fleet sounded the death knell of tottering Spanish dominion in the Orient. Its palsied hand yielded the scepter to the American republic, a government unborn for nearly two hundred years after Magellan discovered the islands. The poor-but-proud Spaniard soon after the cession of the Philippine Islands sold the Caroline Islands to Germany; and

Digitized by Google

the Castilian, once regnant over a great part of the New World, shorn of all his North American possessions, retreated as well from the Orient. For an indemnity of $20,000,000, the United States acquired all the rights of the Spanish crown to property in the Philippine Islands. Back to Spain went Spanish official and soldier; enter, the American soldier, official and merchant. The United States put on the poisoned shirt. After thirteen years of occupancy, of sober reflection on the part of the American people; after enthusiasm has slackened into languid indifference; after the expenditure of unknown millions of money, the difficulties grow no less.

The problem that confronted the McKinley administration was perplexing. We had broken down Spanish authority in the Philippines. The northern islands were reeking with an insurgent spirit against Spain before the arrival of Dewey's fleet. For centuries there had been the most acrimonious discord between the successive governors-general and the Roman Catholic archbishops, culminating years ago in the assassination of one of the governors. The execution of Razal, the Philippine author and patriot, had greatly embittered the insurrectionary party. The Friars had acquired millions of acres of the best land. The Spanish rule had not extended over Mindanao, the largest island of the archipelago, or over the Moros, a Mohammedan tribe. The population was a mixture of tribes of primi-

Digitized by Google

tive peoples. No one could claim for them that they were capable of self-government. The Spaniards had done little for them in late years, but to oppress. Taxes were light, but the Spanish rule was a game of graft. There were few public improvements. The port of Manila, fifty years ago more important than Hong Kong or Shanghai, had sunk to a second or third rate city of the drowsy Orient. Into this hub-bub the United States entered, as one more Occidental adventurer, although unquestionably exploitation was not the motive of the McKinley administration. All human motives are complex; an analysis is elusive.

The strange result of a war begun for the purpose of freeing the neighboring island of Cuba from the intolerable misery of Spanish mis-rule, was the acquisition of an Oriental archipelago 9,000 miles distant from Washington, with whose inhabitants the American people had not the slightest affinity or reciprocity. The plunge was made. Our country tentaculated to the Orient; and for thirteen years we have been doing wise and foolish things in our far-distant colony. The Philippinos resisted, at the cost of many lives and much money on our part. We flung the Monroe doctrine to the winds; seized the islands and held them by repression; fumbled and muddled; and have learned by costly experience how dearly the bubble of benevolent assimilation of an unwilling colony is bought. A few years of mili-

Digitized by Google

tary satrapy, and then a civil government was established with Taft as the first governor. Slowly a re-moulding process has brought about orderly social conditions. Many mistakes have been made; there has happily been much of residual good. To enter upon the islands was a comparatively jaunty affair; to retreat from them was believed to involve national perfidy and dishonor. So we are staying.

What did the United States acquire? An archipelago numbering 3,141 islands, large and small; the most southerly being only five degrees north of the equator; with a territorial area of 115,026 square miles;—unquestionably rich in agricultural potentialities; a land where almost every kind of tropical fruits can be grown; with valuable mineral deposits; with a wealth of timberland; the forestry being one of the most valuable assets of the islands. The nearest Asiatic port is Hong Kong, 628 miles distant. This distance is negligible on the Pacific. Manila is 11,600 miles from New York via Suez Canal; 9,752 miles from Panama, via Honolulu. The islands are washed by stormy seas. They are subject to the periodicity of monsoons, yet, for a semi-tropical region are not unhealthful; the temperature ranges from 63 to 88 degrees. No case of sunstroke has ever been reported. The heat is sultry, rather than scorching. Swept by ocean gales, cleft into many islets by the penetrating

Digitized by Google

tides, the islands escape the terrific heats of the Asian mainland.

The population is about 8,000,000 souls of whom the Occidental, save the military garrison, is only a globule.

Japan, with a smaller arable acreage and vastly less resources, sustains nearly 50,000,000 people. The Philippine Islands largely remain a primitive wilderness. The plow has not furrowed a great part of its face; no human hand has dropped the germinating seed. Rich in nitrogen and phosphorus, mellow with the chemical elements that produce generous crops, the land is baked by the sun, washed by torrential rains; never crusted with glittering frosts or mantled by soft snows. Sometime the stomachs of alien peoples will demand a food supply to be sucked from its fertile breast. It awaits the touch of science, the magic of capital.

PERSONAL OBSERVATIONS

My stay has been short. My range of observation has not extended beyond Manila and its environment. The city has some 450,000 inhabitants. It is at the mouth of the Pasig river, on the west coast of the island of Luzon. Few cities on the American continent have an older origin. Manila was founded in 1571, soon after the discovery of the islands by Ferdinand Magellan. The Pasig divides the city into two sections—the old walled city in the south, the

Digitized by Google

new business section in the north. The external aspect of the walled city is like that of the medieval cities of Italy and Spain. Here is the cathedral, gothic in architecture; here the Jesuit church of St. Ignatius, with its wonderfully rich carvings of native wood, wood-carving being one of the arts in which the Philippinos excel. Here are old convents; parochial schools; balconied houses, with iron-grilled windows; narrow streets; low two-wheeled carts drawn by horned buffaloes; scant sidewalks; women with fluted waists of muslin or gaudy calicoes; black-haired Spaniards sipping coffee or wines in the innumerable cafes; scores and scores of the local vehicles; carramatas and calesas, mostly drawn by tough little ponies—often cruelly beaten by the Filipino drivers. Fine gateways in the ancient, mildewed wall open the old Spanish city (Intramuros) to the traveler. Some of the churches have a good deal of interest. Swarms of Spanish padres, bearded friars in white robes, walk in and out of the churches. What a sleepy, dreamy, out-of-the-age place Manila must have been in old Castilian days of pomp, ceremony, religious processions and medieval customs.

It must be said to the credit of the Americans that an immense work in hygiene, sanitation, road-building and public education has been accomplished. There are now 434,000 children at school. The English language is taught in all of them, even in the parochial schools. This is

Digitized by Google

all-important. The Philippino is stupid in learning languages. After all these years of contact with the English language, it is rare that one finds a cabman or chauffeur who understands even a few words.

It is in the rural districts that one sees the real Philippino communal life: huts of bamboo and straw, often raised on poles; no windows, an occasional straw screen; few gardens; an entire absence of flowers or decorative shrubs; life reduced to its narrowest limits; a cluster of houses, then a field or wood; furniture as scant as in the mud huts of the Egyptian fellaheen; no sense of beauty, except in the feminine fondness for barbaric colors; a torpid, pulseless life, with few ambitions. If this be the status of the Philippino within a radius of ten miles of Manila, what must it be in the wilderness? This race is the matrix out of which a new civilization must be created. Can it be done?

American immigration into the islands has been slight. Our migratory energy seems to be exhausted at the Pacific shore-line. Of a population of 8,000,000, only 20,000 are Americans, including soldiery. The now dominant race makes but a slender ethnic background. Moreover, will it preserve its vitality in a land of perpetual sunshine? It is said that about 1,000 Americans have married native wives, and, with but rare instances, have wallowed back to the

Digitized by Google

tion to the husband; the wife retains her racial and social instincts.

Some of the American soldiers have stayed on the islands and developed ability in business. In spite of all moral agencies of the church, and the Young Men's Christian Association, the private soldier is exposed to scorching temptations. Army and sailor life is proverbially careless. Dislocated from home influences, prevented by a monstrous military caste from social relations with the families of officers, the private is thrown back upon himself. The saloon, the card table, profligate relations with the native women, too often lure him to waste and disease. One cannot help sympathizing with the sturdy young chaps, erect and manly, as they walk by in their khaki uniforms. Pit-falls lie all around them, expatriated, with the wondering curiosity of youth, stripped of those moral forces and intimate restraints which safeguard character.

Except in the matter of military defense, the Philippine Islands now cost the United States nothing; the insular government sustains all other expenses. Wages have risen fourfold since the American occupancy. The tax levy has been greatly increased because of public improvements. An extensive marsh on the water-front of Manila has been converted into parks and business property. Another miasmatic marsh has been drained and graded into a public cemetery. A scientific

Digitized by Google

warfare is going on against tuberculosis and other diseases. Hospitals have been established; in fact, a vein of humanism has run through the American administration. No fair equation of the merits and demerits of our occupancy can be made without taking into consideration the rottenness of the Spanish regime, its contemptuous disregard of the natives, and the honorable and humane efforts of American administrators, educators and physicians to uplift the native into a new and higher manhood. In temporal matters there is no question of a mighty advance. Export trade has increased from $23,000,000 to $39,000,000. There are now 444 miles of steam railways. Hemp, sugar, rice, the cocoanut, india-rubber, coffee, tobacco and lumber are the main exports. All this is very much. It was a great work to give Manila a supply of pure water, and an ice plant; to establish trolley and railway lines and to furnish many other agencies for comfort, health and enlightenment,

Yet, under all these encouraging facts, lies the question: Have we a right to be here, and is it wise to stay in these far-flung islands? Every question of morals or action is related to some other and larger question. Nothing stands alone. Is the genius of the American republic, already weighted by problems so serious and unsolvable as to shake it to its core, to be promoted by assuming such a needless responsibility? Why should the burdened American taxpayer be taxed

Digitized by Google

to build forts and maintain any army and navy in the Philippines? We do not need the islands as a vent for over-population. The commercial return is so far inappreciable. The islands are a constant source of peril to us in the event of international embroilment. They would be our most vulnerable point of attack. Colonial administration is alien to the American genius. Putting the problem on its lowest plane, what does a nation that has no foreign commerce want of colonies?

The North American Indian, the Hawaiian, has melted at our impact; the Negro is still a social derelict; race prejudice never was more acute. Is the Philippino to fade out of human history at our deadly touch?

There is an imperious moral problem underlying our relation to this strange people. Can either race do the other good; that is, good that endures?

Yet, to withdraw from the islands involves, perhaps, even greater difficulties. In his present state of enlightenment, the Philippino would make a grotesque work of government. It takes centuries to develop a people capable of sustaining free institutions. The Philippino dreads and dislikes the Japanese; he believes Japanese control would repeat the cruelties and tyranny of Korea and Formosa. Moreover, the races are divided by inveterate antipathies. The Moro is more vigorous than the Philippino. The tribes would

Digitized by Google

be at each other's throats. Another possible owner might be Germany, but that power has made but sorry work in its colonial policy; it has been too often brutal. So the problem is many sided.

Digitized by Google

VII

HONG KONG

Through the laburnum's dropping gold
Rose the light shaft of Orient mold:
And Europe's violets, faintly sweet,
Purpled the moss-beds at its feet.

Bryant.

Dec. 10.—The heat was so intense in Manila that most of the passengers were glad to leave the city. I left the Philippine Islands with mingled feelings. In a certain sense an American can take some pride when he sees the Stars and Stripes waving over an archipelago which has so many potentialities of agricultural, commercial and industrial wealth. In another sense the burden seems presumptuously unnecessary, fraught with hidden possibilities of incredible expenditure and international complications. No man can foresee the traps involved in our occupancy. However, we Americans are a nation of optimists and probably will "muddle through somehow," as our English friends say.

HONG KONG

In the steamer's run of 628 miles from Manila

Digitized by Google

to Hong Kong we struck the prevalent monsoon, or rather the monsoon struck us. This is, at this season, a steadily blowing wind from the northeast, not dangerous, but powerful. The sea was churned by it and combed over our steamer, and quite a hub-bub of seasickness followed. In the morning of the second day we began to thread the chain of rocky islands that circumvallate the harbor of Hong Kong. The woodless rocks jutted into the air around us and, one by one, receded into our wake. The steamer came to a stop about a mile from shore. The gaunt rock on which the city of Victoria is built towered above us. At its base the Chinese settlements of some 300,000 people were clustered. On the flanks of the hills are the residences of the English officers and merchants; also the barracks of the soldiers; the English cathedral; the summer home of the governor general being almost at the summit. As a whole, the island of Hong Kong is scant of vegetation, but an occasional villa has a flower-spangled lawn, and there are some attractive parks. Both the Protestant and Catholic cemeteries have been laid out with fine effects in landscape gardening. There is also an elaborate botanical garden.

Hong Kong is one of the most beautiful of Asiatic cities. This statement means that, except in certain portions of the Chinese quarters, it is not Asiatic. Perhaps, the blending of the

Digitized by Google

rock, gives the city its charm. The outside of the island faces the China Sea, with its shimmering color; the inside is on the edge of one of the finest harbors of the world.

Hong Kong is a strongly fortified city. England has spent immense sums in protecting it. Obtained by a cession from China in 1842, the English control has been further extended by a cession of a 20-mile strip of mainland.

The most interesting local excursion is to the Peak, or summit of the hill; reached by a tramway. The flagstaff and signal station are 1823 feet above the sea-level. Here a signal is given by a cannon ("the bark of the dog") of the arrival of a steamer, and by bird-cage drums of the approach of a typhoon.

From the Peak a magnificent panorama of mountain, bay, ocean and of the terraced city is had by the visitor. In the crystal air the eye catches a diversity of charm rarely seen. Across the bay, we see the sandy Kowloon Peninsula, once a marsh, now a busy suburb. Ships of all nations ride the harbor. The gorges in the hills have been utilized for reservoirs of water; one, the Pokfulcum, having a storage of 68,000,000 gallons.

The main water supply of the big city comes from the Tytam reservoir; storage capacity, 312,000,000 gallons. As there is no natural water supply, the inhabitants are thus safeguarded from a water famine.

Digitized by Google

No horses are allowed on the islands; we saw but a few automobiles. All the carrying work is done by Chinese coolies. Men and women are the beasts of burden. Human beings are a drug. Wages are very low, but are slowly rising. The Asiatic is not immune from the desire for high wages; and the rise will be steady. A messenger of a large bank told me that his wages are $7.50 per month.

As everywhere in China, there is confusion in the currency. The silver standard is the Mexican dollar, worth, in round numbers, about fifty cents of our currency. The tourist invariably finds that the rates of exchange work against him. He gets cash at one standard, buys at one higher. Bankers and transportation companies seem to act on the principle,—what is the tourist here for, unless to be fleeced? His money dribbles like melting snow.

About ninety miles above Hong Kong, on the delta of the Chukiang or Pearl river, is the ancient, walled city of Canton, the commercial metropolis of South China. As this city was involved in political confusion, which gives a sense of unsecurity to the tourist; and, as on a former tour, I visited other large Chinese cities, I did not visit it. There is a certain monotonousness in Asiatic cities, especially the Chinese. They are mostly alike: of a stereotyped pattern.

The mingling of the Occident and Orient in

Digitized by Google

Hong Kong offers a chance for sociological reflection. The English administration has enforced sanitation and there is little of that disgusting smell with which the congested streets of the large native cities reek. Moreover, the building laws preclude such fire-traps and noisome hovels as one sees in the old cities, with their grim alleys, putrid streets and ruck. The Chinese in Hong Kong are fairly well housed. Yet the native character is shown everywhere; the undulating street life; dragons, streamers and lanterns; everybody in the evening, gossiping, smoking in the crowded thoroughfares; women dressed in trousers; babies strapped to their backs; peddlers and little booths lining whole streets; at the theaters, bands of native musicians beating their drums and tom-toms, making screeching noises, with no sense of harmony. To the Chinese, music and noise mean the same thing. The jinrikisha carriage or sedan-chair is everywhere: the latter carried by two men. Few work in the hot sun, except the tugging coolies. A hardy, muscular breed of out-door workers, they take life with Oriental fatalism. There is intense contest for a job. Let a tourist emerge from a hotel or shop and a crowd of chattering coolies gathers around him like a flight of crows. He is pushed, pulled, begged, until he drops into a chair, and then the disappointed ones disperse to hunt some other victim.

However, in Japan and China, the tourist

Digitized by Google

learns to like the chattering coolies; greedy and dirty as some, perhaps most of them, are. They have the gamy flavor of primitive life.

Hong Kong has thousands of shops. The products of the world are swept in here for sale. Not all the dealers are Chinese; some Americans and Englishmen are merchants. The sly Armenian, the Hindoo, the Arab, the Jew, are here also. The art of window decoration is as well understood as in America.

Hong Kong is policed by Hindoo Sikhs. In their turbans and uniforms, they make a picturesque police force.

What a sight a Chinese city presents in the evening to a stranger from the New World. Such a surging, billowy wave of humanity. What a babel of noises. Life is lived under the eyes of other men. Privacy, at least in social life, is not in the Orient. All dress alike; gesticulate alike. Men ply their trades; women comb their hair in the streets. Most of the Chinese in Hong Kong live in high apartment houses with balconies in front; but the street is preferred to the balcony.

China is a sleeping giant, unconscious of its powers. Pillaged by Occidental nations, abused and stamped upon, it is slowly coming to a consciousness of the causes of its weakness. Perhaps in the end, it may better the instructions of its spoliators. Out of the discords of our day

Digitized by Google

and permanent in Western thought and life.

I hear the student clangor of Hong Kong streets; discordant, noisy, meaningless, the unintelligible chatter of a great submerged part of the human race. It seems a voice from the underworld; as if a race of brownies had sprung up out of the earth, emerging from subterranean darkness into a world which knows them not. Like the Roman gladiator of old, the Chinaman, the Hindoo or other Asiatic, enters the arena and bows; he curls and abases himself. When will he make his thrust? We will hope that the higher humanism of our day will avert sword-thrusts between the West and the East. The sword is now in the hands of the West; but, like the duel of Hamlet and Laertes, it may change hands.

The Orient has been cruel; so has the Occident. The Westerner has done many cruel things in the East, but not an appreciable fraction of what the East has inflicted upon itself. Once, the whole world was cruel; human history reeks with carnage. We know something of the history of Europe, but very little of that of Asia. If known, it would be incarnadined in blood. Happily the pages are lost.

All the building materials of the houses and barracks on the hills in Hong Kong were carried up on the shoulders of coolies or drawn up by them. There is no present way, however, of

Digitized by Google

avoiding this use of man, outgrown in the Occident, in Oriental countries, except to a limited extent. The replacement of men by machinery would work great distress. Even to feed horses would be undue expense. The human back will be used until a diversity of callings gradually is developed; until wages rise; until Orientals are trained to the manipulation of machinery and their economic needs are greater. Meanwhile, Asia, like Issachar, will crouch beneath its burdens.

THE CHINESE REVOLUTION

This is, of course, the absorbing theme in the Orient. I have met many people familiar with the present state of things in China; and not one who did not sympathize with the revolution.

The Chinese empire bulges out like a great belly on the map of Asia. Its people are held in universal respect by foreigners. It has resources of incalculable value. Its territory is immense. As a race, the Chinese are muscular, thrifty, industrious and laborious. As Occidental races move further and further away from manual labor, China may be the supply-fountain of muscle-workers for races who no longer use their muscles.

The present awakening of China is one of the most significant events of the century. It is big with results for the whole human race. Its strivings will extend beyond its border. China now needs [illegible]

Digitized by Google

for a Chinese Bismarck. Will he come? The sleepy empire is getting its house in order for a new alignment of its mighty forces:—not for to-day or to-morrow, but for the unknown future. It is in the birth-throes of a new order. Steam, electricity and quick transportation have remoulded the industrial order in Europe and America. It is their nerveless hand that has pulled down thrones, compelled the education of the masses, and let in the light. The moment China broke from this isolation of ages a change in its petrified conservatism was inevitable. It is now coming.

STEAMER TRAVEL

At Hong Kong we left the Pacific Mail steamer, which had been our floating home for more than a month. It was quite a wrench to sever so many ties of pleasant companionship. Sea travel brings passengers into close relations. There is a community of interest; a chance for what Tennyson calls "heart affluence of discursive talk"; there is a certain weighing of personality; a balance is soon struck between those acquaintanceships which are but as sea-foam and those which ripen into friendship.

Oriental travel allures many types of character. There is a great range from the fresh graduate going out to the Philippines to join the constabulary to the serious-minded missionary, the purse-proud millionaire, the money-get-

Digitized by Google

ting trader, the curious tourist. Each type has its distinctive interest. It has been pleasant to compare our observations of the wonderfully interesting cities we have visited; to reach an equilibrium of judgment; to sift the fleeting from the transient. Nothing is more helpful than a rational interpretation of calm opinion; its residual value is that it is the pathway to truth.

Now we are on a steamer of the Peninsular and Oriental Line, for Singapore; under the British flag. The turbaned Goanese has succeeded the Chinese as sailor and steward. Are England and America ceasing to breed sailors? It looks so; or will the sea, like the farm, allure sturdy youth only when sailor and farm life are re-adjusted to the conditions which control mechanical trades? For the present they are dislocated from the compelling stream of industrial tendencies.

December 12.—We are sailing near the coast of Anam. The heated winds are breathing the hot edge of the lower tropics. Steamer-life drawls and pants. Every sparkle of frost has melted from the air; human life also melts in the cauldron. There is no working-day, except for the Goanese sailor. He moves noiselessly about the steamer. At the muster yesterday all wore white tunics and red turbans. Their jet black eyes and hair were an artistic relief to the white and red; a background of ebony set in silver and ruby.

Digitized by Google

The East is the home of color. It riots on sea and land; on bird and animal. Man catches the call for decorative pigments and daubs body and clothes in the hues which he finds on earth and in the sky.

I am thinking in review of the past five weeks; especially of the strangers whose paths converged with mine for a few days; now faded into the ghost-land of memory. We were cast up together, a few bubbles on the surface of things.

"So on the sea of life, alas,
Man meets man, meets and quits again."

Digitized by Google

VIII

FROM HONG KONG TO SINGAPORE

And what if Trade sow cities
  Like shells along the shore,
And thatch with towns the prairie broad
  With railroads ironed o'er?
They are but sailing foam-bells
Along Thought's causing stream.

Emerson.

The run from Hong Kong to Singapore led us into the steaming tropics. The dining-room was kept comfortable by the use of punkahs, oscillating fans of cloth, attached to beams; the motor power being furnished by three of our Goanese stewards, who pulled the strings that kept them in motion. Steamer-life is very unconventional, and we soon found congenial companionship. Such is the moving show of life.

After the first day, some part of the Asian mainland, or some island, was always in sight; generally of high, bare cliffs.

The heat mounted higher and higher. We felt the calorific furnace of the mainland.

Digitized by Google

find ourselves in the fine harbor of Singapore, one of the best in Asia. After five days on the China Sea, the low-lying shores, fringed with nodding trees, were a grateful sight. A crowd of jinrikishas was awaiting us.

As we rode into the city, our first impression was of the excellence of the roads; miles and miles of the best macadam. All things had a tropical aspect. The location of Singapore, about one degree above the equator, at the end of the Malayan Peninsula, raked by solar heat, combed by the monsoons, makes its reputation as one of the hottest cities of Southern Asia. Yet we suffered little discomfort here. The hotels face the water; are sprawled over a large area; the sleeping rooms make almost half a dozen of those in some Parisian hotels; they are provided with electric fans. Every chamber has an outer balcony.

Singapore, now a city of some 200,000 inhabitants, is a monument to the prevision and administrative skill of its founder, Sir Stamford Raffles; one of the many administrators of the first order, whose ability has built up the great British-Asiatic empire. His name is perpetuated by a hotel and boulevard.

Singapore, like Hong Kong, is on an island. It is one of the most frequented ports of entry in Eastern Asia; the seat of an immense commerce. We saw hundreds of vessels in the harbor; a solitary one carrying the American flag.

Digitized by Google

The crafts ranged all the way from the junks and sampans up to great steamers which plow all the oceans of the world.

Cosmopolitan, indeed, is Singapore; a gathering-ground and melting-furnace of the flotsam of human kind that drifts into an Asiatic seaport. The substratum of the population is the Malay. The muscle and brain of Singapore are the Chinese; thousands and thousands of them furnish the steady, working, element in the city. Many of them are undersized and hollow-chested. The 'rickshaw coolie leads a short life. It is said that few of them reach forty-five years. A Chinaman's age is an unknown thing. We have seen scarcely one gray-headed Chinaman in the tossing, tumultuous rout that seethes in the streets. Small pay, dreary work, scant food seem to be the lot of most of the Chinamen. Yet, as in Manila, some of them here are very wealthy.

No scene on a theatrical stage can present anything like the amazing picture which one sees in riding through the Chinese quarters in Singapore. Excepting that the streets are wide and clean and the homes moderately substantial, the moving, human picture is like those seen in the great cities of China proper:—color, bunting, streamers, lanterns, open shops, endless stands and booths; gabbling, jamming myriads of the great human menagerie. Not one drunken man

Digitized by Google

of food and clothing is exhibited in the flaunting shops. All the clerks are men; there seem to be no women in Chinese commercial life, unlike the Japanese. Three-fourths of the crowds on the street were men.

All the mechanical work in the shops seemed to be hand labor. The Celestial is slow to adopt machinery. In a shop there are five times the number of clerks to be seen in one of its size in Europe or America. Men drag carts laden with heavy loads through the streets; sometimes as many as thirty or forty will act as human horses. As they pull and tug they utter in unison a guttural squeak. What a burden-bearer the Chinaman is. Nowhere can men be seen who do the grossest drudgery with more cheerfulness. He has not yet imbibed the modern evasion from work; he shies at nothing because it is muscle wearing. The merchant class, the bankers and money changers have the easeful life.

Above the rip and roar of this ocean of humanity, the weltering hordes of Asia, the barbarians of darkest Africa and the other millions of submerged races—the toilers in the festering cities of Europe and America—rises the acute thought: Can this status last? As the governments of the world are surely becoming democratized; as authority is to rest in the masses, will the evolution of the homeless and unfed into a higher social consciousness—which is now unal-

Digitized by Google

terably on the way—be heralded by orderly progress; or will "the great aeon sink in blood" and progress be volcanic? Problems vast in their sweep, terrible in their unknown potencies, are before the coming generation. Will the law of love or that of hate and greed prevail?

Even in the British colonial possessions there is no equality in the flow of peoples from one colony to another. British citizenship is meaningless when the Hindu or Chinese knocks at the door of Canada or Australia. The European governments,—and now our own in the Philippines,—has appropriated every available bit of land where the surplus of China, Japan and India might swarm in millions, reclaim the wilderness, coax the surly or juicy soil into harvests, and establish civil government where brooding silences prevail in the forests and on the plains now inhabited only by wild beasts or wilder men. The Occident has caught the Orient by the throat. Siberia, Australia, the Malayan archipelago, the Philippines, all the natural homes of some of the Asiatic races, have been grabbed by one nation or another, and the key turned on them. This may go on for ages; or by some cataclysm in history, the huge fabric of commercial greed and spurious philanthropy known as colonization, may be shattered into a bubble.

Yet, as an optimist, I believe that good is

Digitized by Google

matter of food, housing, clothes and wages the Oriental was never so well off as now. Except in the Congo State and possibly in some of the Dutch colonies, no cruelty to the native is permitted. Flogging and slavery and enforced labor are finally a thing of the past. The conscience of the world has been touched by sympathy and a sense of justice. The Asiatic would fare worse at the hand of his native despots than under the Occidental rulers.

INDUSTRIES

The Malay Peninsula is now prosperous. Great fortunes have been made, especially in rubber. An Englishman told me of one Chinaman who made $1,000,000 in one year by the sale of his rubber plantations and product; and of another Chinaman who suddenly became wealthy, and childishly displayed his vanity by having three front teeth extracted, and inserting in their place in his jaw three large diamonds. This waste of money was slightly more idiotic than the profligacy of some of our American sports of millionaires, with their monkey banquets and losing ventures in gambling houses. Idiocy is confined to no one race. Even the sober Chinese folk have their due share of opium fiends, gamblers, thieves, pirates and degenerates.

It is said that 45,000,000 rubber trees have been planted in the Malay Federated States. It takes about four years in this climate for the tree

Digitized by Google

to grow to a size when it yields its sap. If the present price of rubber remains constant, enormous riches are before this region. Already one hears the almost universal cry for more labor. Wherever we go there is a labor-hunt.

This acute demand for manual labor is beneficent to the Oriental. It gives an enhanced value to his muscle. It is in the line of industrial progress. It links him to all-pervading human needs.

As cities like Singapore are sewer-vents of humanity and attract the drainage of many races, they present social problems of much difficulty. The shadow of the under-world is cast over certain sections of every large Asiatic city. The most casual observer, who rides through the streets in the quarters where the natives are segregated, cannot fail to observe the shameful projection of Japanese women into this nether side of life. No doubt the English government does all in its power to preserve public decency and promote a more healthful morality; but, in dealing with the un-morality of Asia, the slime of many ages cannot be wiped off in one or two generations. Moreover, the European more often descends to the Asiatic's level than attempts to lift the native into Christian ethics.

December 17.—Around me now flows the rippling Malayan sea. I have left behind the pano-

Digitized by Google

rama of the streets of Singapore: the turbaned peddlers: the sly money-changers: the shifty jewel-merchants: the clever juggler: the snake-charmer, piping his harsh music into the ears of the hideous reptile, lashing him with towels, and even fondling him. The noisy hub-bub of the streets fades away. Their roar is now succeeded by the croon of the ocean. What a change: from articulate to inarticulate noise: from the jiggering crowds to the immeasurable wastes of the compassing sea.

Digitized by Google

IX

JAVA, THE ENCHANTED ISLE

The isle is full of noises,
Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not.
. . . And then in dreaming,
The clouds, methought, would open, and shew riches
Ready to drop upon me.

Shakespeare.

THE FAR-INDIES

One who has not looked into the matter has no idea of the extent and value of the Dutch East Indies. Little Holland, a mere dot on the map of Europe, snugged behind the dikes, fighting for its very existence against the encroachments of the North Sea, is small indeed, when put in comparison with its vast insular possessions in the far-away Southern Pacific. The total area of the Dutch East Indies is 587,370 square miles; their population is 40,500,000. Of this multitude of yellow faces, the Island of Java is the home of some 35,000,000 people, while its area is 50,789 square miles. That is, its territory is about that of England, or a little more than the state of New York. The population is thus

Digitized by Google

A comparison of the area of Java with that of others of the large islands on the globe is interesting. The area of all the British Isles is 84,098 square miles; of Cuba, 45,900, or nearly 3000 less than Java; of Newfoundland, 42,728; of Madagascar, 228,500; of the New Zealand Islands, 102,383.

The island of New Guinea has an area of 298,160 square miles; about one-half of it belongs to Holland; Borneo has 288,136. In addition to these large islands in the Malayan Archipelago, Holland owns Celebes, the Moluccas, or Spice Islands, and many others of smaller size and less importance; also the large neighboring island of Sumatra.

Surely this is a magnificent Oriental domain for the little Dutch fist to hold in subjection. The history of the Dutch conquest is a romance. It began with a commercial expedition from Amsterdam to Java in 1595. Up to that time the island trade had been in the hands of the Portuguese, from whom the Dutch wrenched it, little by little. All that Portugal now holds is a part of the island of Timor, which the Dutch are trying to buy. There were wars with England, collisions with Spain; but for about a century the Dutch have been in exclusive control.

Of the population of Java, 65,000 are Europeans; 296,000 Chinese; about 20,000 Arabs; the rest natives.

Digitized by Google

THE ISLAND

Enough of figures and comparisons. Let Java stand alone. The island is its own witness. The splendor of its scenery, the riotous luxuriance of its vegetation, the spawning fertility of its soil spring from the one cause which attaches discomfort to the visitor,—tropical heat. This is the one drawback to the Northerner. He must learn to adjust himself to a manner of living, whether of house or clothing, which has but one purpose,—relief from heat.

The Malayan Archipelago is cinctured by a girdling chain of volcanoes. Geologists tell us that these islands, also Australia, New Zealand and Tasmania, were once connected with the mainland of Asia. Ripped apart by eartquakes: the vacuum filled by the in-flowing seas: scorched, blistered, made and made over by the excreta of volcanoes: their present form is only temporary. Earthquakes and volcanoes have not exhausted their titanic energies. On Java there are forty volcanoes, some of which, since the Dutch occupancy, have done fearful work.

PHYSICAL ASPECTS

There are 1500 species of trees on Java, of a height of more than fifteen feet. The whole number of plant species is about 6000. Some trees reach a height of 150 feet; a few species even 180 feet. Some of the trunks are gigantic, send-

Digitized by Google

roots. More luxuriant foliage could hardly be imagined. The monstrous trees do not reign unchallenged in the fetid solitudes of a Javanese forest. Myriads of insects are spawned in the swamps, each drawing its life from tree, shrub or some animated creature. A tumultuous undergrowth of creepers and parasitical vines springs from the fecund soil. They jump on the giant trees, strangle them in a choking coil, suck the juices from their victim. So the life-and-death struggle goes on for years, ending in the vascular tissue and sap of the tree being absorbed by its remorseless enemy. The vegetable kingdom is as cruel as the animal. Each creature feeds on the life of another in an endless circle of death; and thus life succeeds life. All is vicarious.

Never have I seen such luxuriant vegetal life, except possibly in the West India Islands; and here it is on an even larger scale. As the Malayan Archipelago runs from six degrees north to ten degrees south latitude, the most of the islands are in the southern hemisphere; and the temperature is very uniform. Java is a land of unbroken sunshine; snow and frost never invade it. Created from volcanic excreta, its igneous soil has been larded by age-long deposits of vegetable detritus and animal decay; roasted by solar heat; washed by the juices of the sky; soaked by sea-winds, until a rich mold of inexhaustible

Digitized by Google

richness has been spread like a cream over most of the island. The ashy downs, the slag of volcanic sulphurous fumes, are devoid of vegetation, except creepers; the fertility crawls up the hills and mountain sides. It is not uncommon to see these cultivated to their summits.

Java is one magnificent garden; one wave of everlasting green; one sweeping pageant of color; a perfume-box of unadulterated odors; a chorus of bird-choirs, sea-winds, swaying trees, chirping insects; a land vocal in melody, as well as a picture gallery of all that ministers to a sense of beauty.

We approached the island from Singapore. Our invasion of Java was attended with difficulty. The steamers were generally crowded; the fares were unusually high. We landed at the port of Batavia. The voyage was pleasant, indeed. We skirted the coast of Sumatra, which is much larger than Java, but thinly inhabited and less developed. We sailed for hours on the straits between Sumatra and Banka. The tin mined in Banka is world-renowned; an immense amount has been exported, and the mines are still operated. It is said that Banka tin brings as high a price as silver bullion.

Early on the first morning after leaving Singapore we crossed the equator. The steamer made no thump or scrape. The equator gave no sig-

Digitized by Google

unheralded. It was the first time that I had ever had the experience of waking up on that imaginary circle of the world's surface which bisects it at an equal distance from the north and south poles.

We had found the little Dutch steamer very comfortable. Its officers were most courteous; the softly-moving sailors and stewards were Javanese. The nights were hot, and most of the passengers slept on deck. The Southern Cross shone from the sky over the melting ocean every morning.

It was on the Dutch steamer that we had our first experience with a form of serving food common in the Dutch Indian colonies. It is called the "rice-table." With a change in some of the articles of food, it is like the noon meal served on Finnish and Scandinavian steamers. There the main ingredient is fish, as I recollect it; here it is rice. The bare-footed waiters serve it in profound silence. One does not hear even a rustle from their garments. All wear a Javanese sarong (skirt) and headkerchief. This costume is universal among the Javanese. Even in schools every boy wears this headgear. Sometimes on the street it is surmounted by a large bamboo hat to protect the head from heat.

The "rice-dish" is a gastronomic wonder. It is built on a basis of rice and chicken; to these have been added flesh and fish, cooked in manifold

Digitized by Google

forms; many kinds of relishes, spiced fruits, curries, eggs, pickled vegetables, palm-shoots, and most characteristic of all, "sambals," made from the liver of fowls. All are highly seasoned, especially with cayenne pepper. Probably more than twenty different dishes made into "sambals" are served at one "rice-table." They are eaten with a spoon and fork. The connoisseur mashes all of them on his plate, slobbers the food with the sauces, sprinkles the seasonings, and lets them slip down his gullet to his stomach, in a horrible chaos. The best part of this confused meal is the delicious fruit that follows: generally mangoes or mangosteens, pineapples, small Javanese oranges, and others, the names of which are unknown to me.

BATAVIA AND WELTEVREDEN

Batavia was founded by the Dutch, on the ruins of the native city of Jakatra, in 1691. It is in many ways interesting, and apparently is well governed. Its residential suburb, Weltevreden, has spacious streets, many fine buildings and all the external improvements of a modern city.

After spending two days in Batavia and Weltevreden, we left behind their canals; their variegated street life; their boulevards, lined with tamarinds and Madagascan flame-trees; their innumerable palms, and trim Dutch gardens. Perhaps the most novel thing was the canals; in their

Digitized by Google

clothes all day long, pounding them on the stone walls and steps and then spreading them on the banks to dry; also all day long children are bathing, men swimming or fishing; slow boats groaning their way along. Like the sampan (boat) life in China, canal-life and river-life are a marked feature in Java. The culture of fish in ponds is a considerable industry in the lowland plains.

Batavia has about 116,000 inhabitants. The bulk of the people are Malayans. This name is applied to numerous tribes in Southeastern Asia and to most of the population of the many islands. Centuries ago, these people emigrated from the mainland. In Java they are divided into many provincial tribes, such as the Bantamese, who people Bantam, a large province of West Java; the Soedanese, who live mainly in the Preangor province; the Madurese, in East Java. Some of these tribes are more primitive and cling to old customs more tenaciously than others. Nearly all are Mohammedans in religion. In every town there is a mosque.

BEITENZORG

The railroad ride from Batavia to Beitenzorg was through a lovely country; a network of rolling hills, dense forests, gentle rivers, and cosy villages. The town is at an elevation of about 700 feet above Batavia.

The main interest in Beitenzorg is the famous

Digitized by Google

Botanical Garden, which is said to be the finest in the world. It was founded in 1817. One who is not a specialist in arboriculture or horticulture derives only a limited pleasure from a superficial view of the thousands of specimens. It requires a trained eye and disciplined brain to detect the interesting distinctions in plant-life, so rich and gorgeous. The most fascinating part of the garden was the large collection of orchids. Java is the home of a great many species of this strange flower. It is found in the forests; creeps into the joints of trees; clusters in the dense swamps; and effloresces in many odd shapes and colors.

The crown of little Beitenzorg is Mount Salak, rising in impressive silences, topping the adjacent hills and smiling upon the restful valleys. The mountain is not lonesome; it is clothed in forests and gardens to its very top; hundreds of pastures of shimmering green. All around its base wave thousands of palm trees, girdling the rice-farms in the valleys. Stand still for a moment: there is a chorus of inarticulate voices; the whisper of the winds; the rush of the palms; the tossing of the ripening crops.

The homes of the peasantry are basket cages; fragile as toy-houses. Here a sluggish life is droned away. The people flutter in and out of them like the shadowy figures of a pantomime. No life could be simpler; stripped of all intellectual effort; the river is their bath-tub; their

Digitized by Google

dishes are of palm and plantain leaf; their food curry and rice; few wants, few gratifications. Their labor is in the fields, and in the rudest forms of mechanical trades; few tools; little skill; everything so rude and primitive.

GAROET

Garoet is an excellent place in which to observe native industries. Here is made the musical instrument called the anklong, of bamboo wood, turned into framework, set to different keys; when shaken by the hand it emits a flute-like melody. Strolling bands of musicians roam through the streets and hotel grounds. While some are playing, others, boys and young women, perform the native dances.

Dancing is a great Javanese amusement. The natives have a higher sense of musical melody and harmony than the Chinese or Japanese. Most of the dances are formal; the hands and fingers are used as well as the feet. The girl dancers put on a helmet and mask. One of the musicians recites some poem or song, which the dancers act. There is no immodesty in the dancing. It is rather a ceremonial.

Another strange pastime is the marionette or puppet dancing. An orchestra plays on several kinds of instruments. A leader recites some almost interminable song or poem, with his feet on cymbals, which crash as he strikes them. He

Digitized by Google

has at his side a large assortment of marionette dolls, some clothed as dancers; others as warriors or princes. He holds them in his hands and by pulling strings the mimic creatures perform all sorts of antics. This childish performance is highly pleasing to the natives; it has descended as a national inheritance.

Garoet is a sweet little hill-town. It is the center of the sarong batik industry. This requires considerable art. The gray cloth is imported. It passes into the hands of a designer who traces the outlines of the figures. Then the women paint it with dyes drawn from the native trees. The workers sit cross-legged beside a fire usually made in a basin on a pile of stones; in this the pigments seethe and are mixed. The dye is taken upon the point of a copper instrument, by which it is daubed on the cloth. Some of the designs and schemes of color are quite attractive. The women chew the betelnut as they work; their teeth are discolored black. Fairly good wages are paid in the sarong batik industry—about fifty cents a day in our currency.

Garoet is a center for excursions into the hills. They are made in carriages. The rides are more interesting from their touch with primitive village life than from any special beauty in the lake and hot springs. The most popular trip is to the volcano Papandayan. This volcano emits sulphurous jets, and ejects spouting water and mud.

Digitized by Google

The last eruption of Papandayan was in 1772, when 3,000 lives were lost.

One of the most charming effects in Garoet is the sublime sunsets. The town is set in a valley, rimmed by high hills, rich in foliage. The dropping sun seems to gild the clouds with its richest colors as it sinks behind the hills. Heaps of clouds are hued like fairy palaces; color succeeds to color, deepening in intensity and assuming endless forms. The eye of day is shut in radiant glory over a breathless world. After this gorgeous pageant, night shuts down in impenetrable darkness.

COLONIAL GOVERNMENT

The Dutch colonial government is a mixture of imperialism, paternalism and socialism. The several provinces are governed by Presidents. The natives have no share in government. A Netherland-Indies Council in Batavia is the central authority for all the Dutch East Indian colonies. Certain municipal officers are elected in the cities by vote of the property holders. All courts of justice, where laws are administered, are Dutch. The Governor-General, appointed by the crown of Holland, has great power. One of his duties is to protect the helpless natives from oppression.

"O happy farmers, if they only knew their blessings," said Virgil. Think of a nation of 35,000,000 people which has no politics and no religious questions. No "bosses;" no smooth, ly-

Digitized by Google

ing, truth-perverting political schemers and demagogues; no caucuses, conventions or elections; no parties, greedy for office; often insincere, quite generally ignorant that the spurious issues with which they are cajoling the voters are dead as Julius Caesar; no brawling, brazen pretense of "loving the workingman" just before election; no sordid, frantic scramble after offices often over-paid; none of the hypocrisy, flare, humbug and glozing deceit which are spread over the meaningless commonplaces of party platforms:—From these, the simple-minded natives are exempt.

The Javanese bows his head and lets others govern him. The Dutch occupancy changed a servile Oriental despotism into a fairly liberal and humane government of the modern type. Of course it does not rest upon the consent of the governed. It has little relation to constitutional liberty. When 65,000 aliens hold 35,000,000 natives under their heel, there must needs be rigor, suspicion, exploitation and tyranny.

JAVANESE TRAITS

The Javanese seem to the observer a silent race. They are very undemonstrative. They walk in single file and rarely converse with each other. They often live in kongpongs (compounds), small clusters of huts. A family group, a tribal instinct, may lead to this custom. Their housekeeping is simplicity itself: a straw cage, windowless, no chimneys, generally one room; if

Digitized by Google

more, the rooms are occupied by several families. No chairs are needed, as the natives sit upon mats or on the bare ground. No heating is required in this blistering climate, except a few faggots to heat the tea.

The costumes are as simple as the diet; bare feet, on the head a handkerchief swathed into a turban or cap. The women generally are bare-headed. Like the Japanese women, their coil of jet black hair is the protection for the head. Few dishes are used. No books are needed, for few can read. The mosques are open all day. Friday is the day for ceremonial prayer. The mosques are as plain as their homes. The floors are covered with mattings and prayer rugs of straw.

Some of the costumes are rather exiguous; they become scantier, until they disappear entirely from little boys and girls, especially in the country. The stark-naked youngsters run on the roads, and look on the stranger wonderingly through their glowing eyes. There is no visible indecency among the elders.

Every Moslem is allowed four wives. When I asked: "How can he support them?" The answer was: "Why, they support him; one supplies him with cigarettes; one with spending money, one attends to his clothes; and one to his meals."

Evidently, the new woman and suffragette have not reached Java.

Digitized by Google

One of the interesting nuisances in the Orient, is the swarms of peddlers. In each considerable town there is what is called a market. At this, all kinds of native foods and products are for sale; also many imported articles. The goods are spread upon platforms; the sellers sit cross-legged, smoking cigarettes. The building is roofed, and divided into sections. The dealers send out the peddlers, who haunt any stranger who happens to appear in the village. The peddler kneels before him, crosses his hands, as if in prayer, then opens his bag and displays his wares. All who have traveled in the Orient know the wonderful elasticity in prices. In descending from a grandeur of price to about one-third or one-quarter of the sum, the Javanese peddler is an artist.

There is the same aversion to manual work among primitive, as among so-called civilized peoples. Man is naturally an indolent animal. Here, as in Europe and the United States, people are congesting themselves in cities.

There is but one newspaper printed in the English language in Java. All others are in Dutch.

Wages are beggarly low in Java. We happened to be at a hotel one Saturday night, which was payday. About twenty-four servants went to the porch where the manager stood; they crouched to the ground and did not seem to have even the spirit of hens fluttering to gobble the thrown corn. The manager counted them; then

Digitized by Google

handed to one of them the value of six dollars in American money, as the aggregate wages for the twenty-four. In addition they have their meals, and occasionally a tip. What would the despots of American kitchens say to this? These servants, thus wretchedly paid, are very competent. They do everything possible to make the guests comfortable; anticipate every want so far as they know. The Oriental servant sleeps anywhere. He lies down before his master's door; often has no pillow; catches what sleep he can; arises with a smile in the morning, and goes to his work with apparent cheerfulness. He is fatalist enough to accept life; whatever comes to him is his lot.

Every foreigner has a "boy." This is the universal term for a waiter or valet in the East. Housekeepers employ a half-dozen of them or more. The boy is paid from a dollar to a dollar and a half a week, and finds his own food and clothes out of this pittance. There is an art of economy in the East, unknown in the West. The people, as a whole, have a healthful aspect; but few of them seem to have reached sixty years. The birth-rate is high; the population of Java has doubled in the last three generations.

Already, there is some migration to the island of Sumatra. The emigrants go under contracts of indenture. A Dutch magistrate carefully examines each to see if his action is voluntary. If the increase in the population of Java continues, this migratory-movement to Sumatra and Borneo,

Digitized by Google

both thinly inhabited, must become more general.

CHRISTMAS IN JAVA

A Christmas in the tropics is almost uncanny. Our winter festival has descended from the wild, cold Northland; from our Norse ancestors. The Christian church borrowed the festival of the winter solstice, baptized it: Woodin, Thor, Frigga, retreated before the Star of Bethlehem. Santa Claus, the yule-log, the fir tree remained; but a new thought veiled the ancient festival. To the Moslem, of course, Christmas has no meaning. To those of the Christian faith, who live in the boiling tropics, its home-spirit is attenuated. The snow and ice, the darkening days, the tingling cold, the blustering, frost-edged winds, are unknown. The gorgeous plumage of the trees, the languid air, the open houses, white raiment and bare heads suggest mid-summer heats, not "waste for churlish winter's tyranny."

On Christmas day we were in Djocjacarta, in East Java, a most primitive town; but with a Dutch Resident and a considerable number of Dutch families. On Christmas eve, we happened to be riding by a cemetery, and saw many people going into its gates, carrying flowers. Nearly every grave was decorated with beautiful tropical flowers or shrubs. It was a Dutch cemetery, clean and well kept. With the Dutch, cleanliness is an instinct. Javanese girl-servants carried

Digitized by Google

upon the graves and slabs. The assembling of so many flowers perfumed the air. The plain cemetery was glorified into a conservatory. At a few of the graves, Eurasians (persons of mixed European and Asiatic blood), in addition to the flowers, placed pots of incense.

All of these slight but tender symbolisms must have carried the thoughts of the Dutch emigrés to their distant home-land. The Dutchman comes to the Indies to live; he cuts the social roots which link him to Holland; he has no intention of reverting to his native soil; here, under southern skies, in this spiced air of the tropics, he comes to live and die. He seems to have no home-sickness. Yet, he remains Dutch to the core; he guzzles Holland gin; eats Dutch cheese; keeps his native tongue. Every hotel,—indeed, many Javanese homes,—have portraits of plump Queen Wilhelmina of Holland. Many of the Dutch know nothing of English.

THE DUTCH AND THE NATIVES

Slavery once existed under the Dutch occupancy, on the part of the conquerors. It was succeeded by enforced labor. Now labor is free. No doubt, there have been tyranny, some cruelty and injustice; but at the present time, Java is well and humanely governed.

The Dutch have been wise enough to let the religious and social customs of the natives alone, except where they were inimical to good order.

Digitized by Google

They have sapped the political power of the Sultans, but have left them a shadow of Oriental grandeur.

THE SULTANATE OF DJOCJACARTA

This region, the name of which is generally shortened to Djocja, is most interesting. It is an ancient Sultanate. The Sultan formerly had despotic power; his word was law; when he made a public procession, no subject must look upon his divine face; he must cringe and fawn before his awful majesty. For a slight transgression the offender was arrested, brought to the palace, ranged up against a wall; his life was ended by a stab from a poisoned dagger.

Now all this is changed, except in external show. The Sultan owned the lands of his subjects. The government has converted this title into an annuity of something like $300,000 per annum and has appropriated most of his lands. He still has a royal estate, more than four miles in circumference, called the Kraton, where he lives in Oriental pomp.

The Kraton has a population of from 15,000 to 20,000 people, all of whom are a part of the retinue of the Sultan's court. Here are Oriental waste and profusion; a wild, barbaric hodge-podge of vulgarity and art. A mosque, tiger-cages, a stable of Arabian horses, elephants, a harem of fifty concubines, a yellow house, a danc-

Digitized by Google

a gilt banquet-hall, which can accommodate 600 guests: lackeys posturing and crouching: one giving his time to the important work of holding up a pole tufted with feathers; others pretending to act as guards, with a splash of swords. The whole effect was tawdry and dingy.

With all his garish splendor, the Sultan is a prisoner in the Kraton: he is not allowed to leave it or to receive a guest, without license of the Dutch Resident. He has been stripped of all political and judicial power. He is said to have been the father of 100 children, 73 of whom are living: and has so many grandchildren and great-grandchildren that he does not know their names. Dutch guards are stationed on the grounds.

We saw a Rugan, a prince, at the hotel. He was attended by a retinue of guards and six servants, with umbrellas. All crouched when he sat down at the tea-table. His waiters bowed to the floor when they offered him articles of food.

Can it be that there is a matrix for a future republic of self-respecting citizens, in countries where servile and degrading adulation of overlords has been ground into the national consciousness, as the drift of countless ages? "The divinity that doth hedge a king" dies hard.

THE WATER CASTLE

In Djocja are the ruins of the Taman Sarle, or Water Castle, built by a Portuguese architect, some two hundred years ago, for one of the most

Digitized by Google

powerful of the Sultans, Manko Boemi. It is locally called "The Water Kasteel." Once it must have been a magnificent estate; it is now a dreary derelict. It was laid out on a grand scale; with many richly carved gates, a system of ponds, canals and subterranean passages. It is now deserted. The earthquake of 1867 was the finishing stroke. The once glassy ponds are choked with slime; the canals reek with rubbish; the carvings and stonework are overlaid with mold and lichens; the rose-gardens and flower-beds abandoned to jungle. The lake, in the center of which the glorious castle stood, has disappeared.

Once the Water Castle was a symbol of power; the home of wassail and high revelry. The toiling Javanese supported it by their sweat. What scenes of cruelty and lust, of festival and barbaric pomp, have been acted within its walls, one can only imagine. It stood for unbridled power; for lawless indulgence; its art was the joint expression of the Latin and Hindoo forms. Under the soft skies of Java, in the hush of the brooding silences, in the sense of mystery which invests any memorial of departed greatness; with its whispering palms and flashing oleanders; with the morning-glory creeping up its moldy walls; with all its mildew and decay; it has a certain fascination. But is must give way to new forces. Even in Java, it probably will not encumber the silent

Digitized by Google

BUDDHISTIC RUINS IN JAVA

The island of Java was once under the Hindu and Buddhistic religions. What impulse, whether of conviction, state-craft, violence or religious fervor, brought the Javanese over to the faith of Islam, about four centuries ago, is not clear. However, the conversion was thorough. Very few adherents of the Hindu faiths, except the Chinese Buddhists, are left in Java.

Yet, some of the noblest Buddhistic ruins in the world are on this island. There must have been an exalted faith in Buddhism. Such stupendous temples could never have been erected, a thousand years ago, at epochs when the population and wealth of the island were nothing as compared with to-day, unless under a tremendous wave of religious enthusiasm. Many of those vast structures have been obliterated. Several remain in impressive grandeur; visible monuments of an obsolete faith, of a by-gone and spent devotion to the ancient religions of India. I can mention but one of them; the greatest of all; one of the noblest expressions of religious art in the world; the great Buddhistic temple of

BORO BOEDOER

To describe this monumental ruin; its glorious setting in the hills, near Moentilan, would require a volume. In size, the temple of Boro Boedoer is as large as the Great Pyramid of Cheops at Gizeh, Egypt. In art, beauty and location, it is

Digitized by Google

infinitely superior. There are many extensive ruins of temples in Java; Buddhism was a temple-building religion, like Catholicism in the Middle Ages. That of Brambanan, near by, is next to the Boro Boedoer in majesty, but much inferior to it.

Imagine a valley of almost incomparable beauty, climbing up into heliotrope-hued hills and darkling mountains; the shadows of the crested peaks and forested hillsides flickering on the sea of green, in which the valley-basin is garbed; all around, a vast silence; scarcely a house visible, except the hotel and buildings near the temple; everything clothed in mystery, as in the Vale of Delphi, or amid the desert-silences around the Egyptian Pyramids. Man seems alien in such a scene. What can he do to add anything to this magical beauty? Can he add a charm to mountain, tree or flower? Can he enrich the unspeakable riches of this fountain of light and glory? Yes, he can; and he has made his contribution. If he cannot gild refined gold, or paint the violet, or add a hue to summer's rainbow, he has added a glory to this matchless valley. Some 1100 years ago, some architect,—probably a Hindu,—dreamed an exalted dream. Perhaps the valley was then densely inhabited. At any rate, whether in solitude or before the eyes of human multitudes, the work of building superb Boro Boedoer was begun. How long the religious enthusiasm

Digitized by Google

jestic structure and the many others that ascended into the upper air on the hills of Java, we are not told.

Such an era of building must have been a national movement. Multitudes of men must have said: "Go to. Let us build a temple." And they were built; built by the human hand alone. No machinery eased the burden. The backs and muscles of coolies carried or drew up the great stones. Steam, derricks, electric cranes, and the thousands of labor-saving contrivances of our day had not then been born.

So, the remarkable temple of Boro Boedoer came into existence, in a lovely form; built upon a great mound of earth; with no inner auditorium; all was external; a solid pyramidal structure; built without mortar or cement; stone laid on or around stone; without column, pillar or arch. Its symmetry is perfect; not a distortion, except where an earthquake or lightning has shaken it. It was raised upon a series of terraces, with fine galleries, each with balustrades; the highest terrace crowned with a huge cupola. The lowest gallery has 408 bas-reliefs; the inside of the parapets 470 pictures, sculptured in raised forms. There were in all, 1504 bas-reliefs; 441 Buddha images still remain intact. No matter about numbers or architectural details. The temple is a glorification of Buddha; the pictures and images represent his life from his birth to his Nirvana, when he reached beatific bliss. In all the

Digitized by Google

images, he sits with crossed legs, It is said that no two of his faces represent the same attitude. Symbolically, the lower tiers of images are supposed to represent the world of wishes, that of forms, that without forms, the Nirvana, or eternal rest.

In the neighborhood are the ruins of 400 temples, some Hindu, some Buddhistic, and the outlines of a city larger than any now on the island.

When we remember what Java is; a summer-land of perpetual sunshine; the home of active volcanoes; with a soil from which the richest vegetation almost exudes, with a fecundity unequaled on the globe; a center of shivering earthquakes, which commit merciless ravage;—it seems wonderful that Boro Boedoer has remained almost intact "'mid the wreck of matter and the crush of worlds." Yet, it has. It has outlived the worship of Buddha on the island. The descendants of its builders have disowned him. The benign face has smiled on the blooming valley for ten centuries. The Arabian prophet, with his monotheism and fiercer faith, supplanted the gentle Buddha. Yet, Islam is represented by no such temple-monument.

Perhaps Islam was forced upon Java, at the edge of the sword, as in North Africa; perhaps it came by moral suasion. Islam is the faith of solitary, wandering peoples. It may have been

Digitized by Google

Both Buddhism and Islam are sterilized. Both have done a great regenerative work; probably both have fulfilled their mission.

As I cast my last glance on Boro Boedoer, I said to myself: "Is such to be the fate of any of the proud cathedrals of our day? Will the shell outlive the substance? Will any of them be to unknown generations monuments of a departed faith?"

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

The rice (paddy) interest in Java is immense. It is conducted with a high degree of scientific agriculture, with a wonderful system of irrigation. As soon as one crop is harvested, the seeds for another crop are sown, in endless succession. As one looks upon the rice-fields and the many laborers bending over in the task of planting, transferring, gathering and binding, one wonders where they lived, not a house being in sight. But look into a fringe of trees which skirt the swamps: there we find the humble homes of the toilers, embowered in the shade.

Another great interest is tea culture; the seeds were brought from China and Japan, as the tea-plant is not indigenous to Java.

Coffee culture has been carried on for more than 200 years. Sugar culture is very ancient; in its output Java is second only to Cuba. The recent economic awakening has come from rubber. The development of this industry goes back

Digitized by Google

only to 1904, the plant having been introduced from South America through the Malay states. Many millions of English capital are now invested in the rubber plantations.

Java was once a vast forest, and would be now were it not for the human hand.

I am informed that it is only in the province of Batavia that the government has sold land; these sales were made many years ago. In all other parts of Java the government owns the fee of the soil, which is cultivated on leases. This is right. In a country so distinctly agricultural and with so dense and ignorant a population, the land should always be held by the government as their trustee.

The dark side of Javanese life—if the word darkness can be applied to a land brimming with fountains of light, with the softest of skies, rose-colored, fawn-tinted; with its wealth of gaudy trees and shrubs—is the ignorance and poverty of the natives. Most of them seem to be without ideas or thoughts. Their lives are a round of toilsome work; their amusements are childish. If there is among them any spark or potency of intellectual power, it has not been developed. They are stranded afar from the shore of modern thought. Superstitious, narrow in vision, near to primitive nature, they move on, a shadowy procession of child-like beings. Can the springs of thought ever be awakened in them?

Digitized by Google

SOERABAYA

This big city is simply a business mart; a port of entry for the Australian trade; a center of distribution. The upper and newer parts of the city are finely laid out; the well-paved avenues are alive with motor cars; the lower parts are given up to business, and the homes of Chinese and Javanese. In these are squalor; here are hatched the germs of cholera. Recently 40,000 natives and Chinese have been inoculated against the dread scourge, from which hardly an Oriental seaport is immune.

THE HUMAN ELEMENT

The fact is, that in the great human hives of the Orient, humanity runs to waste. It is the cheapest of all products. In the early days of Dutch supremacy, there were repression, cruelty, slavery and shameless disregard of the rights of the natives. Perhaps the three hundred years of Dutch rule are no worse record than that of the same number of years of any other country or nation. All history is a sickening page of blood, cruelty, exploitation of the poor by the governing classes, tyranny and abuse of power. The methods by which the Dutch acquired the lands of the natives were very similar to those by which the North American Indians were robbed of theirs by the early settlers. Now, in spite of the hauteur of the Dutch, and their strict over-lordship of the natives, I see no reason to

Digitized by Google

believe that they are intentionally inhumane. The problem is simply the old one of a dominant and servient race coming in contact, with all the power on one side. The natives sink into a quasi-servile caste. Their lives flow on from father to son in the same dull monotony. Cringing and obedience become habitual; these are in the fiber of the passive Oriental character.

In the three centuries of Dutch control, not a Javanese native has risen to a high public office, to any considerable wealth, or to any business requiring administrative ability. Is this because he is incapable by nature of advancement, or because he has had no chance? On the other hand, the wealthiest man in Java is a Chinese, who began life as a laborer. My observations lead me to believe that the Chinese strain in the Javanese blood is larger than has been estimated; that the Chinaman is an extremely important factor in the industrial life of the island; that his steady hand and tireless energy are forces which will become more and more recognized in its future history. The Chinaman is a great "mixer"; he absorbs and is absorbed as softly as a rain-drop in almost any community. He earns his rights by patience and industry.

Our departure from Soerabaya was almost triumphal. We were glad to leave its steaming streets; rode to the steamer through a file of more than a thousand, perhaps two thousand, of Jav-

Digitized by Google

anese coolies, who were coming in an opposite direction, for what purpose I do not know. Silent, somber, cheerless;—hardly one talking to another, they made a ghostly procession of human automata; shadowy and grim.

The harbor was full of dirty sampans. On one, near our steamer, we saw the coolies eat their afternoon meal. There were a kettle of boiled rice and some dried fish. The coolies gathered around it; stuck their fingers into the kettle; took out a handful of the plain food and ate it without chop-stick, knife or fork. There was no need of any such civilized implements.

The bathrooms in the Orient are a peculiar arrangement:—a tiled floor, with drainage; a large basin of water, built upon masonry; a dipper from which the bather splashes himself. In some bathrooms there is a shower-bath. As nearly all the Dutch and tourists dress in white, clothing requires laundering nearly as often as the body does bathing. When a party of tourists arrive at a hotel, behold, at once, a procession of kimono-robed men and women to the bathroom.

FOUNTAIN OF COLOR

Now for the arch of triumph under which we left Soerabaya. It was not on the footstool of the earth, nor on the watery sea. It was in the realm of cloud-land; one of the most magnificent sunsets; trailing clouds of glory, luminous and

Digitized by Google

splendid. In my many wanderings over this earth, I have seen the sunset-witchery of vapor and radiant light in many forms of almost bewildering beauty; in the vast silences and crystal air of Siberia; in the brooding hush of Egyptian deserts; in the wonderland of the Yellowstone Park and Yosemite Valley; in the gaunt Northland; in olive-crowned Greece and Palestine; and very many resting on the cheek of the old ocean; but nowhere have I seen more of a play of delicate color than in Java. Here are all the conditions: ribbed mountains and encircling sea; billowy waves of light by day and impenetrable darkness by night; refraction, evaporation going on in all the secrecies of the sky.

And so the sun, dipping into his evening bed, on this run from Soerabaya to Batavia, along the Javanese coast, met the vaporous clouds and kissed them into a multitude of forms and dyed them in hues, inter-penetrating, floating from one to another; now a cumulus of azure-white; now drifting into rose-red; now chasing into a fountain of yellow, with an under-bank of maroon or opal. What inexhaustible fountains of beauty are in the secret treasures of nature; a choral symphony of sound, color and power. Under the soft equatorial skies; in the delicious perfume of the sea-air; with the glitter of sunshine; the shores of Java, Sumatra and Banka, in turn, raising their forested hills to catch the eye of the wandering passenger, there is a voiceless choral,

Digitized by Google

in which the noises and discords, the rivalries and conflicts, the greed and scorn of man, melt in an ecstasy of harmony.

From Soerabaya the steamer ran to Samarung, a considerable seaport. Now Java, the summer-land, began to recede from our sight. Its floral magnificence, majestic ruins, glorious forests, superb trees and flaming shrubs, its strange human tribes, cottages, rice-fields, plantations of rubber, sugar, tobacco, tea, tapioca, cinchona, and almost endless diversity of tropical products, were passing into memory, now their only possible granary. All began to seem illusory. The wonder that had edged the face of this magical land, no longer visualized to the outer senses, can be known now only to "that inner eye, which is the bliss of solitude."

The cloud-capped mountains will rise in solemn majesty; the ocean will lap the shores; the millions of the yellow breeds will move on in an endless stream of humanity, a segment of the inscrutable East. All the radiant color and glowing splendor of the tropics will still be there; but our eyes will rest on them no more. Like a vision in the morning silences; or a dream in the still hours of the night; like a shadowy phantom of beauty that is created by an exalted imagination, it has vanished.

Our only stop the next day was at the town of Minta on the island of Banka. A gilded boat,

Digitized by Google

rowed by six stalwart Javanese,—suggesting Cleopatra's barge or an ancient trireme,— came out to transfer an official from our steamer to the shore.

The spunky Dutchman, when clothed with a little brief authority, rises to the occasion with a certain ceremoniousness unknown to us Americans. He is proud of his country's East Indian empire. He has a lurking dread of the rising power of Japan; and knows that, without the aid of England or Germany, he could not resist successfully a Japanese invasion; but feels that his main security is in the great distance from Japan.

TROPICAL DISCOMFORTS

Are there no discomforts in Java? Yes, many. There is the terrific heat, which eats into the vitality of a Northerner. At this midwinter season there is insolent daylight from, say, five in the morning until seven in the evening; refreshed often, in this the wet season, by a cooling shower in the afternoon. When the shower ends, it is astonishing to see how soon the air is choked with dust. The rain dries almost as it touches the ground, unless there be thick shade. So warm are the nights that no bedclothes are required. The beds are phenomenally large, generally six by eight, screened by a muslin netting. On this huge bed one sleeps without cover.

Insect and [illegible] life [illegible] The [illegible]

Digitized by Google

of the slimy lizard is heard as it climbs the walls of verandas and bedrooms. It is useful as an insect-catcher and is harmless. Flies, ants, midgets, all sorts of insect torments, are rife.

All houses must be adjusted to air-drainage. They are rarely more than one story high; generally with trim gardens garlanded with palms and potted shrubs. Almost everything is in the open; the large porch or veranda is the gathering place. To lock up a house or a room in a hotel is almost an impossibility. The stranger is somewhat disturbed at first when he sleeps in an open-ground-floor room, with a cohort of natives sprawled on the hall or veranda floor about him. He misses his usual safeguards; but soon falls into the free and easy ways of the country.

RETROSPECT

So, when one is on a comfortable steamer, breathing the ozone of the ocean, away from the blister of the summerland, one can hardly avoid a feeling of relief. One can hardly wish oneself back and does not envy the Dutchmen their palm-bowered homes. Rather one half sighs for what Shakespeare calls "thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice;" for a bracing nor'-wester, a gust of snow-filtered air; a touch of tingling cold; a look upon a fall of downy snow.

On the third morning the steamer reached the port of Batavia, and here we spent our last day

Digitized by Google

on Java. It was mainly devoted to a visit to the Museum, which contains a valuable and interesting collection of antiques and curios, which have been gathered in the Dutch East Indies. These included ancient armor and weapons, of course, because man always has been and is now, a fighting animal, with an insatiate propensity to kill his fellowmen;—cooking utensils, specimens of primitive hand-weaving, mat and basket work, pottery, bronze and iron work, musical instruments, clothing, wood-carving, glassware, replicas of primitive houses and furniture; and, worst of all, instruments of torture, a collection almost as horrible as that seen in the Tower of London or in Nuremberg Castle. How much of the ingenuity of mankind has been devoted to hellishness.

Perhaps the most suggestive part of the collection was that of implements which gave a biological record of the moving of the ancient tribesmen of Java, from the stone age into the age of bronze and iron. While dates of these important movements are lost in the mists of antiquity, such articles are proof of the steady evolutionary progress of our race into a higher intellectualism and gathered power of utilizing natural forces.

Some of the articles, such as ivory carving and delicate woodwork, indicated that the Malayans of the archipelago formerly possessed

Digitized by Google

eous idols, antedating the adoption of Brahmanism or Buddhism, represented the earliest stages of the religious consciousness, an elementary striving to solve some of the mysteries of life. Many of them were based upon demonology, even now a powerful force in all lands; rude concepts of the destructive forces of nature; infantile efforts to avert the revengeful wrath of offended deities. Early religions were largely the result of fear. The primitive mind saw evil, destruction and death at work everywhere. How to propitiate malevolence was the basis of much of the idolatrous worship. Religion was then based upon selfishness. As the Malayans outgrew human sacrifices, the idols became more benignant in aspect. The faces of Buddha always indicate loving pity for mankind. Even now, however, the old idolatrous spirit lingers among the natives. When a volcanic eruption overwhelms the land, the effigy of a man is thrown into the crater. A few hundred years ago, a man would have been sacrificed. At least, some progress has been made out of the darkness of primitive superstitions.

December 30.

This day closed our pilgrimage to Java. The memories of its glorious scenery; its palms silhouetted against the crimson sky; the exuberant forestry springing from the fat soil; all the indescribable wealth of natural beauty; and the multitudes of the human element so pro-

Digitized by Google

foundly interesting, are the pleasing residuum.

American travel to Java is increasing rapidly. It is said that 3,000 tourists visit it every year. American business interests in Java are slight.

Singapore, January 1.

Back again in Singapore, on New Year's Day. This holiday is one day later than at home. All business is suspended. Flags are flying from the shipping in the harbor. The shores are lined with thousands of coolies, watching boat-races. An occasional rest enters even their toilsome lives.

Digitized by Google

X

THE MALAYAN PENINSULA

A shining spot upon a shaggy map:
Where mind and body, in fair junction free,
Luted their joyful concord.

Meredith.

The Malayan Peninsula is not large in area. It has less than 26,000 square miles. It is a little more than half the size of England, or Java, or New York State. For many years it had an unenviable reputation. It was the nursery of pirates. The peninsula has an excellent geographical relation to commerce. It is tongued on the east by the China Sea; on the west by the Straits of Malacca: it is near to the rich islands of Sumatra, Java and Borneo. Once, back in far-folded ages, which have never told their secrets, those islands, and even Australasia, were an integral part of the Asian continent. Some awful cataclysm came: or there were infinite ages of slow disintegration: at last, these islands were ripped from the continent. The Malayan Peninsula is stretched out, like a lizard's tongue, to catch them. In vain: the islands have gone on their vagrant way: perhaps not until "the last syllable of recorded

Digitized by Google

time"; but until these remote days when a redistribution of the earth's crust may confuse the schemes of men, if men are then on this planet.

When these islands parted company with the mainland of Asia, they left enough behind them. The Malayan Peninsula was not left dowerless. It is one of the most fertile and productive regions of the world. Four hundred years ago Europeans came here: the Portuguese, who were then a race of hardy mariners; what little title to the Peninsula the Portuguese had acquired was grabbed by the spunky Dutch, who, for some years, had a settlement at Malacca. This town gave its name to the peninsula: in my school-days, its name was the Peninsula of Malacca. In the final shakeup between England and Holland, after the downfall of Napoleon, whatever title the Dutch had to any part of the peninsula was vested in England.

Singapore at the south, Penang at the north, became important trade centers. Malacca faded. England gradually acquired title to more of the peninsula. The result is a bewildering division of authority. A part of the peninsula is the Straits Settlements, all littoral territory or islands. The rest except a strip which belongs to Siam, is divided into provinces nominally under control of the native Sultans. In each province is an English Resident, who either administers or "advises" the local Sultan how to administer his Sultanate.

Digitized by Google

All of the peninsula, except the Straits Settlements, is called the Malay Federated States. In the States the title to most of the land is vested in the local sultan. The most southerly sultanate is Jahore, just north of Singapore.

The Mohammedan religion came into the peninsula from Sumatra and Java; there are traditions of an invasion from one or both of those islands about the year 1400. The original inhabitants were Negritos. A few of these are left in the mountain fastnesses; but virtually the Malay is now the only native. In all the provinces of the Malay Federated States the English Resident does not interfere in matters of religion. In the cities and towns there are Protestant and Catholic churches. Few Moslems, however, change their faith. Once a Moslem, always a Moslem is the rule. The simplicity of Mohammedanism is its strength. It accepts an absolute sultan; but otherwise a Moslem community is a pure democracy, without castes or aristocracy.

The land is allotted to the natives by the sultan, generally in farms of about five acres. It is usually put down to rice, in the culture of which the Malay shows considerable skill, especially in irrigation. His rice crop, supplemented by a cocoanut grove and a patch of bananas, supplies all his wants. He is indolent and unambitious, unmoved by the influx of aliens.

Why should he, the lord of the soil, a future

Digitized by Google

inheritor of Paradise, work? He is a perfectly satisfied being. He is vexed by no political or religious problems; he leaves all those to the Sultan, the Koran and the priests. Let the Englishman develop the country by his brains and money; and the Chinese by his muscle. He was here before these adventurers came; he, doubtless, expects that his descendants will be here when they are gone. He smokes his tobacco, or chews the sugar-cane, while his wife works in the rice-field. His taxes are light. Really the Malay is quite a philosopher in his way. No gad-fly of progress stings him. All the strenuous strivings of the Occident; all the mechanical inventions which are fast transforming the political and economic order; all the speculations of scientists, who "follow knowledge like a sinking star," have no meaning to him.

Kindly nature cast the indolent Malay in a land flowing with milk and honey. It is a splendid inheritance.

Take tin-mining alone. Who realizes that on this little peninsula, three-fourths of which have not yet been touched, 45 per cent. of the world's output of tin is mined? All the mines are on leased land; the government receives a royalty and lays an export tax. The annual output has a value of $40,000,000. The industry is old on the peninsula; much of it is carried on by the Chinese, with crude methods; with the flesh-ma-

Digitized by Google

large companies conduct their business with high technical skill. Nothing on the peninsula is so profitable as tin mining. While the deposits hold out, a stream of wealth will flow in to the miners. The tin companies, as well as the rubber business, are financed in London. The Malay Federated States have an overflowing revenue; a large surplus.

THE CLIMATE AND CITIES

The tourist, who makes only a swallow-flight to the Malayan Peninsula, perching for a few hours in Singapore and Penang, knows little of its amazing beauty and profound interest. In many respects, especially in the northern part, it resembles Java; or rather, the Java of bygone generations, when the hand of civilized man was beginning to tame its wildness. It is a land where nothing can live to old age. Nature, the eternal mother, always rejuvenating herself in new growths, is the only thing which can be called old. The dampness of the climate, the voracious vegetation, allow nothing that man builds to last long. These laugh at his clumsy ambitions.

At Kuala Lumpur and Ipoh and Taiping,—the former the capital, and the other two cities, growing and important business centers, on the railroad line from Singapore to Penang, these facts were noticeable. Much has been done to promote sanitation, and to adorn them with fine

Digitized by Google

buildings. Parks and gardens, refreshed by the showers, their trees and shrubs drawing their life from the soil rich in vitalizing chemical qualities, soon reach a wondrous growth. Vegetation springs, bounds, laughs into jocund life. Alas, however, for buildings. Dampness and mildew soon give them a clammy aspect. They sweat. Those which are only twenty years old often look as venerable as the ruins of the Old World. The prevailing stone, a laterite, of limestone nature, easily disintegrates. The wind, the juices of the skies, the creeping, vegetable growths, soon trail over them, and eat into the fiber of the stone like acids.

The Malay never built after this fashion. The palm and bamboo were and are his building material. He raises his cage from the ground in order to avoid the exuding dampness, reptiles, insects and the thousand pests that are spawned from the spongy soil. He builds so that he may always have air-drainage. No windows repel the fanning winds; no furniture invites vermin. If one cage falls, a few days' work will give him another. All he wants of a house is as a bed-chamber. As for the rest of his domestic needs, hasn't Allah given him his due share of the enchanted earth?

All of the towns must be re-builded over and over again. It is only in the cold, hard air of the Occident that there can be even a temporary

Digitized by Google

endurance to man's creations. In the tropics, early decay is the seal set in all the boiling heats where man wears "the shadowed livery of the burnished sun." The tropics are not the theater for age. Life is too rich, too honeyed, to last long.

RUBBER PLANTATIONS

What a wonderful railroad ride is that from Kuala Lumpur to Penang. It is one succession of rubber plantations, of tin mines, of strange peoples, of new born towns. The railroad line skirted the bearded mountains which bisect the Peninsula.

Rubber, rubber, rubber is the one theme of conversation. Its culture is conducted on an immense scale. Almost every Englishman a tourist meets is connected with the business. For miles and miles the passenger looks up or down the shadowy aisles of the groves. Trees are planted on the lowlands, or on the sides of hills. It was now the tapping season and thousands of trees had cups attached into which the precious juice drips. Most of the tapping is done by Chinese, who are paid as high as fifty or seventy-five cents a day, besides being supplied with lodgings.

This sudden and vast development of the rubber interest has brought into the Peninsula hordes of immigrants. The Chinese and Hindus, whose wages in the home-land rarely are ten cents a day, are allured by the offer of several times

Digitized by Google

that sum. They ignore the climatic peril: the deadly malaria. Planters complain of the constant enticement of their help by their competitors, who tempt with higher wages. Thus the eternal labor question bulges up here.

THE JUNGLE

One who has not seen a tropical jungle, untouched in its primitive wildness, can hardly realize its mysterious interest. Nothing like its vegetal riot is known in the temperate zones. Imagine a sweep of growths, covered with fan-shaped leaves, the stalk perhaps three or four feet high; then a fringe of higher plant-life, cluttered and clustered in the wildest profusion, growing taller and tougher until the forest is reached. All is a mass of green, except that here and there a flowering shrub may give a local color, generally yellow, to the dense background. No sunbeam can pierce its gloom. Under the canopy of leaves and creepers all is crepuscular. The jungle is the twilight land. No globule of earth is left naked. Out of it springs some form of vegetal life.

"Every clod has a thrill of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers;
And, groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers."

Life in the jungle is at high-tide—hot, steamy, ferocious. Every plant or tree is suck-

Digitized by Google

ing the life-juices of another. It is war to the death. The sinuous vine is strangling the tall tree. One tree fights another with its roots. Here is merciless competition run wild. Every root, each tendril, all foliage must draw their life from something; and where life is so congested, each member of the jungle colony is voracious for its speck of earth, its glint of superficial sunshine, each drop of rain or dew, each inch of space. A dying tree is at once attacked by an army of parasitic foes. When dead, its trunk is soon swathed in the spreading leaves of some creeper, which has helped in its death.

The jungle teems with insects and reptilian life. Here hideous serpents and slimy lizards find coverts. Over its upper planes of trees, vines, and floating leaves, butterflies, midgets, beetles, and swarms of minute creatures fly and buzz.

Woe to the man who attacks the jungle for reclamation! The very sod may be his deadliest enemy. The poisonous decay of ages has been absorbed into its veins, hidden from the sunlight, soaking, festering, always renewed by fresh decay. It has become a poison-chest. Touch it with ax or spade, and at once spawning pestilential bacteria are liberated. The air is impregnated with these impalpable, death-dealing enemies. Every energy of jungle life combines against the reclaimer.

To subdue a jungle is a magnificent victory

Digitized by Google

over darkling forces of immensely destructive power.

Yet to the tourist, wheeled along in the comfortable car, the jungle has a ghastly beauty. It is a type of the immense fecundity of nature, a reservoir of multitudinous life, a vortex of unceasing action. It is a symbolism of the constructive and destructive powers of physical laws. In this rank charnel-house can the inner harmony of things be detected,—"that central peace subsisting at the heart of endless agitation."

It is hard to interpret the moral meaning of such a confused microcosm as the jungle. It must be a part of what some philosophers now call "transvaluation," one of the pet catch-words of our time.

Of the dark trilogy of sin, suffering, and death,—humanity's universal Passion Play, which is always being acted on the human stage,—the first is absent from the life of inferior creatures. It is only man who can sin. There is no moral turpitude in the carnage among animals. Each creature follows the law of his being. The claw, the tooth, the poisoned fang, the deadly bite, the constrictor's coil, are nature's attributes, a brutal response to a normal instinct. It is because man has the power of sinning that the individual and social consciences have been developed. There is much truth in Matthew Arnold's noble lines,—

Digitized by Google

"Know man is all that nature is, and more;
And in that *more* lies all his hope of good."

Another interesting element in the railroad journey is the straggling hills of white, chalky limestone. Under the acidulous atmosphere they crumble slowly into atoms. Some of them seem to reel like drunken monsters. Cleft from their neighboring hills, upon which their chins once rested, they await, as in a coma of stupefaction, the final dissolution. The forests ravage their flanks, and extract the nitrogen from their veins. In this way soil is made. Once a mountain; then a plateau; then, washed by rains and fertilized by bird and wind, they become the lair of the jungle. The eternal transformation never ceases.

"The hills are shadows and they flow
From fold to fold, and nothing stands.
They melt like mists, those solid lands;
Like clouds, they shape themselves and go."

ANTIQUITIES

The Malayan Peninsula is not rich in antiquities of fossils. The climate is too absorbent. It was in Java that Professor Haeckel found the half-human, half-ape fossil—the pithecanthropus —which he believes to be the connecting link between human-kind and its Simian ancestry.

The primeval forests and mountains are still

Digitized by Google

the range of elephant, tiger and rhinoceros. Crocodiles live in the rivers and fens.

Beautiful shade trees guard the streets of the towns. The pendant pearls of the laburnum swing in the air; the angsena tree drops its golden snow on the green of the meadows.

SINGAPORE ONCE MORE

The flat stretches of Singapore seemed rather dreary after the tumultuous richness of the scenery of Java. But here we were compelled to stay for nearly a week. There was nothing to do but to accept the jail-limits; to pay exorbitant prices for wretched hotel accommodations; to mince over the unpalatable food furnished in a pretentious hotel;—and to entertain ourselves out of our own resources. This, indeed, is, after all, the root of all pleasure. It must come from within, not from without.

The hotels are usually owned by a corporation; leased by it to a manager, who sub-lets the eating arrangements to a Chinese at a fixed price for each meal.

So it is in nearly all the Oriental hotels; showy, flaring structures; quite a sweep of veranda; some attempt at floral decorations; sometimes an orchestra, which plays a good many American rag-time songs; but, like Mother Hubbard's cupboard, the kitchen is bare. Guests are always grumbling about the poor food.

Digitized by Google

vious knowledge of this prosaic place. The weather was steamy hot. The humidity was so great that a fungus mold appeared upon leather and some kinds of cloth, if left unshaken and not aired for a few days. Another pest, all over the South Orient, is the ant, a most voracious creature; destructive to almost everything. Not one may be in sight; but let a crumb of food or a dead beetle drop to the floor, and a vast army will appear from secret apertures in the floor or wall; ravenous, insatiable creatures. In the Dutch Indies, trunks, boxes and everything destructible are set upon bricks or some rough substance over which the ant cannot crawl.

How can Singapore be expected to be as healthy as it really is? As an English resident expressed himself to me: It is built on covered slime. It is a reclaimed and crusted marsh; some of its squares and parks are built on tide-water level. It has no sewer system; no method has yet been devised to get rid of its sewage except by scavenger carts. The rain is the great cleansing agency, flushing the filthy streets, soaking the impurities from the soil, probably often penetrating to the subterranean slime. In the dry season the sun is the absorbent agency.

Singapore was once a city of more commercial importance than it is now. This is hard to realize, when one may see a thousand craft in its harbor. It has not shrunk in population; the

Digitized by Google

to a recovery of some of its former importance. Once it had a great trade with Manila and the Dutch East Indies; it was a distributing reservoir of their products; a clearing-house of their banking interests. Now all is done by direct communication with Europe. Singapore is no longer the intermediary. However, it is not a decadent city; it still represents a very active commercial life. It is a halfway station for Asiatic tours; a touch-and-go rest-house. This intermittent travel fills its hotels, as it flits through.

Back of Singapore lie the renowned Botanical Gardens, the reservoir, fine club-houses and many beautiful homes. The roads are excellent for motoring. Here are the homes of the rich Chinese, some of whom maintain splendid establishments.

Singapore being essentially a Chinese city, with a super-added Hindu, Malayan, Japanese, Javanese life and of a bewildering complex of Asiatic races, its street-life is really the most interesting thing it presents to the tourist. Ancient racial customs are observed with tenacity. The races meet, but do not melt into each other.

One night we heard a hideous noise of discordant instruments coming from a house across the street. It turned out to be a part of the funeral, —or rather of one of the successive funerals,—of a rich Chinese widow, who had died two months

Digitized by Google

before. How many funerals have been or are to be given to her embalmed body I do not know. We were told that it would not probably be buried for a month. Her house was near the business center of Singapore on a narrow street. In front of it, on the sidewalk, were all sorts of effigies of the things of which the deceased was most fond: a miniature coach to which were attached two wooden horses, painted white, as white horses were her favorites; a jinrikisha chair, an imitation of hers; a small temple, a model of that in which she worshiped, and so on. Inside the house were silks, robes, plaques, mats, tapestries; everything that she had enjoyed in life. The embalmed body was in a splendid casket of lacquer, studded with silver; a rich pall of embroidered silk was thrown over it. Tapers and candles were burnt by priests and relatives. Friends offered sacrifices, perhaps of her favorite dishes. Incense was burned around the casket. Every now and then would come the torturing screech of the so-called musical instruments; some of the musicians being stationed in an upper gallery, some on the streets. A stream of curious passers-by and tourists witnessed the weird ceremony. No one was refused admission. The farce was kept up until midnight, when there was a final flare of tapers and fanfare of noise. All the outside articles were removed; it is said that they were burned on a public common. They were made for her spirit alone; no others should have

Digitized by Google

any title to them. The next morning, the corpse lay in its magnificent receptacle; the tapestries hung on the walls; the candles and tapers were burning; a few women and children were in attendance.

Such was one exhibition of Chinese ancestor-worship; a principle upon which much of the national life is founded. The Emperor has heretofore represented its collective spirit. Exaggerated, distorted, it nevertheless is the basis of much that is good in the Chinese character; but it has been pushed into a cult, which has paralyzed a nation otherwise gifted with a great fund of common sense. The ghostly past has too long had China in its clutch; the nation has ignored the present; saturated itself into a flatulent self-complacency; its Emperors became drunken with egotism; its common people sunken in ignorance and superstition. The late revolution was the outgrowth of that monstrous conservatism which arrested the development of natural resources, cramped individualism, strangled enterprise and made China the booty of even the smallest military power which saw fit to encroach upon it.

In contrast with the showy funereal flummery which I have mentioned, I am told that on the plantations when a poor, tuberculous or malaria-stricken Chinese coolie falls by the way, his countrymen often disclaim any acquaintance with him; leave his corpse lying where he fell; are callously unsympathetic. Strangers must give to

Digitized by Google

the worn-out human husk that last service which man must render to his kind.

One of the strange features of life in the Oriental seaports is the sampan, or boat-life. This reaches its limit in Hong Kong and Canton. How many millions of Chinese make their homes on these dirty boats, no one knows; but the figures must be very large. Singapore is no exception. The estuaries and rivers are crowded with these dismal craft, filled with their floating inhabitants. It is said that children born on these may not tread on land for years; indeed, that some of the tenants, especially women, never do so. In the intense struggle for existence in the Orient, the poor are thus driven even to the water for a home. There is no place for them on land. Homeless, wandering, vagrant, propertyless, the canal or river is the only element which will give them footing; a cabin or a roofless deck their only refuge. Yet this may be as good as the slime and indescribable filth of a congested street in a typical Oriental city.

THROUGH THE PENINSULA

From Singapore we took a steamer for Port Swettenham, on the west coast of the Malayan Peninsula. It was pleasant to get ourselves away from the ruck of Singapore life: to watch the wooded shores: to trail through the narrow jaws of the strait that barely opens the harbor. The

Digitized by Google

sea is the great disinfectant. The fare on Oriental steamers is much better than in the hotels.

The front of the town of Port Swettenham is built on tidal flats; the pier is set on large iron cylinders, sunk in the mud to a depth of more than 130 feet. The embankment and pier cost a frightful toll of human life. The bones of more than 1000 coolies, whom fever and tuberculosis claimed as victims, tell at what a price this region is developed. When we read of an earthquake, or volcano, or cyclone, or a bloodthirsty massacre destroying 1000 lives, we shudder; yet, man's march to industrial arts is hardly less merciless. The Suez and Panama canals, the havoc of fever-and-ague and typhoid in the gaining of our West, and an endless catalogue of sacrifice of lives of slaves and captives in the building of the great monuments of antiquity; all these tell one tale: that man lives for his fellow-men, and not for himself alone. It is only within a few years that humanism has entered into the industrial relations of men. The lash, the swish of the slave-whip, the degradation of womanhood and childhood, in the service of Mammon, are not so far back as one might wish.

Even to-day, in spite of hospitals, medical supervision, inoculation, labor inspection, and the application of scientific and humane principles in the treatment of coolie labor, the ravages of malaria in this region are hideous. An English rubber grower told me that out of a gang of

Digitized by Google

coolies who were brought here to work last May, about 350 in all, 154 were dead before Christmas. The death-rate among the Hindus is larger still. The Chinese are the tougher race. Even the English managers are not immune. In one rubber district, all but two of the managers were in hospitals, at one time last year. The malarious climate soon draws the bloom of health from English cheeks. Pallad, hollow faces tell the dismal story. White men cannot do muscular labor in this climate.

In Penang, out of a population of 150,000, only about 500 are Europeans. It is essentially a Chinese settlement, an island city. A steam launch brings the passengers from the terminal town of Prai on the mainland.

Penang is a commercial center. The climate is more endurable than that of Singapore. A tropical city, it is invested with the color which hovers over Southeastern Asia. Brilliant days chase each other in languid procession. At about six in the afternoon velvet-robed night begins to descend, wrapping the earth in an inky shroud; as we saw it in Java and on the Peninsula, when the cocoanut-groves, silhouetted against the rosy sky, faded into dark ghosts and the night-jahr and owls began their nocturnal concerts.

The Malayan Peninsula is now behind us. Its beauties and wild interests are an impression of

Digitized by Google

the fast-fading past. We are out of sight of the purpling shadows of the aisles of the rubber plantations; of the thousands of cocoanut-groves lifting their fronded heads into the glittering air; of the great mountain ranges, forested to their crests, their chins meeting each other; trembling with their soft, violet color; of swarming Malay villages; of a jangle of dusky races; of long streets in the cities jammed full of rabbit warrens; of coolie homes; of gorgeous shrubs, tasselled trees, powdery blossoms, unfamiliar fruits.

We are now on a steamer of the British India Line *en route* from Penang to Rangoon. For two days we have sailed over the rippling seas of the Malayan Archipelago. Elusive islands have met us and vanished. Flying fish dart into the air and poise their shining mail in the trembling winds.

At night there is the glory of the stars, also. Brilliant constellations, unseen in the northern zones, shine in the sky dome above us; such as the Southern Cross, Alpha and Beta Centauri. Their discs glitter with a startling sheen. Billions of miles away in the sidereal abysses, they seem so near that one could almost clutch them with the hand. Cold, voiceless messengers from unknown systems of worlds, they are indices of the immeasurable cosmic spaces, of the far-folded realms of illimitable vastness, into which eye has not peered and from which no sound echoes to the listening ear of man.

Digitized by Google

XI

BURMA

On the road to Mandalay,
Where the flyin' fishes play,
An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer China 'crost the bay.

Kipling.

FROM PENANG TO RANGOON

The steamer's run from Penang to Rangoon took three days. No ocean travel could be more luxurious in conditions of weather. The Gulf of Martaban stretched itself out like a silvery sheet. The waves sparkled with lustrous color. The winds, spiced from the perfume box of the ocean, blew around us in friendly comradeship. We worked out of "the doldrums," as the sailors call the area lying nine degrees north and south of the equator, out of the breeding-belt of rain, into the region where there was calm.

More than half the time, the skein of islands which lock the southeast coast of Burma from the open sea, were in sight;—heavily-wooded; most of them uninhabited and negligible in value, except for some tin deposits on a few of them.

Digitized by Google

And such glorious sunsets. In the tropics there is little of that crepuscular light which marks the ebbing of day in the northern land. Night springs out of its lair and smuts the earth soon after the dip of the sun. There is sometimes, however, an after-glow, generally short, which transfigures cloud-land into tumbling, shifting heaps of almost spectral colors. This is the last flash of day.

THE COAST

The Irrawaddy river, having its source in streams rising in the mountains of Thibet, spreads into a broad delta as it flows into the sea. It has several mouths, one of them the Rangoon river, from which the capital city of Burma takes its name.

The distance from Penang to Rangoon is about 770 miles. Few of the port cities of Southeastern Asia are connected by railroads.

Most of the sailors on the Oriental lines from Hong Kong southward and westward are Lascars; a general name applied to natives of India. Our Lascar sailors and stewards were Mohammedans. It was quite an impressive sight when at sunset hour they turned toward Mecca and bowed seven times in prayer. The Moslems are punctilious in the outward observance of their religious rites. The observer wonders how much of sincerity there is in their formal worship; whether their prayers are only "a sad, mechanic

Digitized by Google

exercise"; a selfish reaching out after some personal benefit; or whether they include the interests of others than themselves. Is the prayer based on pure egoism, or upon the spirit of human love? Is it really any prayer at all, or merely an apparatus of ritual? Yet all manifestations of worship are impressive. The sunset hour; the hush of the ocean solitude; the swarthy faces; the curled turbans and flowing robes; the spudding winds; the steamer deck; surely these are a romantic setting for outward devotion.

Ask a native Indian what his nationality is; he answers "Mohammedan" or "Hindu," according to his religion. What a divisive thing religion often is. The tenacity with which men cling to their ancestral faith extinguishes the sense of nationality and patriotism.

RANGOON—ITS PAGODAS

Rangoon lies about twenty-six miles above the mouth of the river Irrawaddy. The steamer crawled slowly up the stream, along reaches of flatlands; the conspicuous objects on the elevations or hills being the domes of Buddhistic pagodas. As we neared Rangoon we saw the glittering spires of the Shwe Dagon and Sule Pagodas, the former being probably the finest pagoda in the world and the magnet which draws many tourists to Rangoon.

Indeed, the Shwe Dagon Pagoda is worthy of its reputation. It is one of the few famous

Digitized by Google

buildings which do not disappoint at near approach. Some parts of the pagoda are claimed to be 2500 years old. However that may be, additions have been made from time to time, until an immense mass of buildings have been gathered; some of them noble types of Oriental architecture. Like nearly all the Buddhist temples in Burma, this is set upon a hill; the smaller temples flanking the central pagoda. All is wildly Oriental in color and form. Gargoyles, devils and effigies of monsters guard the approaches. The visitor enters through a long, rising corridor, which is cheapened by peddlers and small booths. The redeeming element in this base use of the pagoda grounds is in the flower market. Heaps of flowers were for sale, mostly by jauntily-dressed Burmese girls. Some of them were bought for personal decoration; more for offerings on the many shrines of Buddha. The visitor walks through a circuit of alleys; everywhere a new pagoda arises; everywhere statues of the saintly Buddha.

At the top of the main pagoda is a golden umbrella; the portion below the umbrella is covered with solid gold. The outside of many of the pagodas is gilded. Priests, robed in surplices of brown silk, walk in the corridors or sit near the altars. Beggars and afflicted ones solicit alms. Strolling musicians play on instruments. There are tea-houses, cafes and dwellings on the temple grounds, presumably for priests and acolytes.

The Burmese are intense Buddhists. The land

Digitized by Google

has thousands of temples. All are built by private gifts. We are told that, when an appeal is made for a new temple, women often offer their beloved jewels and bangles,—their most precious possessions. These are sold or melted into material for temple ornaments.

Buddhism is a passive religion. It forbids the taking of life. This rule is, of course, often circumvented. The Buddhists will eat meat, if someone else kills the animal. Fish are eaten, because they die a natural death, when taken from the water. The priesthood must declare a war as holy, before it can be entered upon. Christian missionaries speak approvingly of the general good character of Buddhist priests; these are the teachers of Burmese youth. It is rare to find a native who cannot read and write. Every boy is trained to service as an acolyte in the temples.

The Burmese costumes are as gay as can be. No color is too smart. As the sexes dress nearly alike, a Burmese crowd means a moving mass of pink, white, and almost every bright color. The people are civil and courteous; never dangerous, except through frenzy.

RESOURCES

Burma is a country which is fast forging ahead in progress. It lies to the east of the Bay of Bengal; its area, including the Shan provinces, is nearly 237,000 square miles. Its population

Digitized by Google

is between ten and eleven millions, and is fast increasing. To a casual observer, no Asiatic country seems to offer better opportunity for investment. The climate is, on the whole, healthy. Its forestry is diversified and rich. One of the ancient industries has been the export of teakwood, of which Burma produces an abundance. The country is largely unreclaimed; only about one-fifth of the rich soil has been reduced to agriculture. Almost everything which is grown in the tropics will grow here. It is a land of flowers and blossoming shrubs.

Burma has immense mineral deposits; to develop these mining interests the British colonial government grants liberal concessions. Petroleum tapping has been an industry for a generation; 400 American drillers are employed by local oil companies. Tin, gold, precious stones, silver, platinum, rhodium and wolfram are among the mineral products. Just now, the interest is great in the mining of wolfram, which is a very valuable mineral, used in the hardening of steel and as filaments in electric lights.

All these possibilities of industrial and mining wealth are giving to the country a lurch forward. Rangoon is growing rapidly; already it has more than 300,000 people.

The Burmese, like the Malayans, are indisposed to manual work, except in the old ways of rice (paddy) culture. As the country is well

Digitized by Google

water-food are the diet of the peasantry. No Burmese have acquired fortunes; they are not as yet infected with the modern wealth-hunger. Chinese and Hindus are the laborers. As Upper Burma touches the Chinese frontier, there is a constant flow of immigration from the Celestial Empire.

The English have controlled Lower Burma since 1826; Upper Burma since 1880, when the murderous King Thibaw was captured and dethroned.

It is certainly a land of promise. It needs roads and development. There is no hostile sentiment toward foreign investors.

BURMESE LIFE

The great charm of Burma to the tourist is in its brilliant local color; the picturesque costumes of the natives; the freshness and variety of the flowers; the splash and blending of human families; the flowing bazaars, where almost every conceivable thing made by the hand of man is offered for sale; the fluff and luster of silks; silks everywhere worn by the fair Burmese girls, the stateliest men and by the priests; the number and splendor of the pagodas, with their shining spires. Even the ubiquitous crows must be mentioned: cawing everywhere, invading verandas, even rooms of houses, flying like dark spirits in the courts of the pagodas. They even perch upon the heads of the marble statues of the good

Digitized by Google

Buddha, as if they were saucily saying, "Here we are safe. Buddha was the tender protector of dumb creatures. We have a right to be here." No one seems to molest the crows; flocks of them hovering in the sky, flapping their ebony-black wings, immune from slaughter.

Every tourist is supposed to visit a lumber-yard, where elephants are employed as beasts of burden. Faithful servants are they, too. We rode to the river-bank in the delicious morning hour. The tide had run out. A load of large teak beams had been brought in on rafts, at high tide, and were stranded on the muddy flats. Four elephants were at work, each controlled by a rider. The only weapon of the driver was a slight stick which had an iron curve at the end, with which he could catch the elephant's ears, if need be. The bulky creatures seemed to enjoy their work. They wallowed in the mud; a man on the ground fastened the big teak beams to the elephant with chains. The beast drew it until it reached a bridge; then it was chained to and dragged by another elephant. If the beam needed replacement, the elephant pushed it with feet and proboscis. The riders cling to their seats very cleverly, even if the elephant lowers his head to the ground. We saw one elephant, dragging a long log, lift another with his snout on his tusks and thus carry it, steadying it on

Digitized by Google

cis. The elephants exhibited great intelligence. Electric cranes have in part supplanted their labor.

MANDALAY

Mandalay lies up the Irrawaddy. Kipling has given it fame as having a shore-line. It has not; it is inland. Probably, with allowable poetic freedom, he used Mandalay, a musical word, as a generic name for Burma. Mandalay is a modern city. It has a pagoda with more than 700 temples, and a huge bazaar.

THE INDIAN COOLIES

In the late afternoon of each day, when the work-hours are over, crowds of Hindu coolies gather on the open space on the Strand, as the main street in Rangoon is called. No two men seem alike. A daub on the face, the color of a sash, many slight external distinctions, mark some tribal or religious relations, or indicate caste. Light as sea-foam, prattling, smoking, laughing, the crowds seem as volatile as the crows circling above them in the air. They gather and separate like shadows. You look upon the living mass; turn your head, and lo, they are gone. Who are they? What are they? Are they realities? Do they have thoughts? Or are they only so many human automata?

Digitized by Google

XII

INDIA

The wealth of Ormus and of Ind:
Or where the gorgeous East, with richest hand,
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold.
Milton.

The voyage from Rangoon to Calcutta took us over the northern part of the Bay of Bengal. The distance is about 780 miles. The approach to India is by no means impressive. After the steamer enters the Hooghly river,—as the delta of the Ganges is called,—the water does not "suffer a sea-change into something rich and strong," but thickens into liquefied mud. The coast-soil of India is spongy. Immense quantities of silt are poured into the hundred-mouthed river. Thus a paste is generated. The channels are constantly shifting through the action of cross-currents and the meeting of confluent streams. The treacherous Hooghly is the dread of mariners. The local pilots, who are obliged to study each day the caprices of the unruly river, receive extraordinary pay. When our steamer entered the Hooghly, three pilots were taken on board. The point of greatest danger is called

Digitized by Google

the James and Mary Bar, from the fact of the shipwreck of a vessel of that name there. When the steamer is entering this narrow channel, where three branches of the Hooghly converge, and where there is a constant dislocation of the clayey sediment, all the life-boats are lowered, in view of the possibility of a collision with some new-formed shoal, and the passengers are supposed to be on deck. There is little hope for any craft caught in the muddy jaws of the Hooghly at this point. There is no floating it from the pitiless quicksands: it careens and is swallowed like a pebble.

In spite of all these hazards, the Hooghly carries an immense commerce. All the shipping, to and from Calcutta, must thread its currents and pass over its slime.

India, vast, almost continental in area, can be reached only by sea and through the mountain passes on the north and east. It has no through railroad lines. Except the merchandise, which is brought by caravans, its commerce is entirely marine. It has thus been secluded from a great part of the world by mountain ranges or wastes of ocean. Many railroad lines have been projected; but, up to the present time, engineering difficulties and the great capital required have been deterrent obstacles.

Calcutta is about 120 miles from the Bay of Bengal. We passed numerous jute mills. Calcutta is the seat of the jute industry, several brick

Digitized by Google

kilns and cotton mills. There is nothing of the picturesque or romantic in the riparian scenery of the Ganges.

CALCUTTA

Calcutta has been the capital of India since the English occupancy. Its history is linked with that of the great leaders, Lord Clive and Warren Hastings, who won India for England. It is not one of the historic cities of India; it is modern; its roots do not run into the early life of the country. It was an inconsiderable place, in wealth and population, until it became a center of commerce. Its recent growth has been rapid. It has now more than 1,100,000 inhabitants; it has become the largest city in India. Elaborate government buildings have been built from public funds; rich merchants and Indian rajahs have established sumptuous homes. In fact, the common description of Calcutta is as "a city of palaces."

In the twinkling of an eye, by proclamation of King George at the recent durbar, executing, of course, the decision of his ministers, Calcutta is to be shorn of its prestige as capital of the Indian Empire; and ancient Delhi, on the Jumna, is to have the honor. If a change was to be made, and there are strong arguments for it, Delhi, a city around which many of the glorious memories in Indian history cluster, is the appropriate place. Naturally, the transfer is most unwelcome to Cal-

Digitized by Google

cutta; but it was to be. It involves a vast outlay of money, which will sorely tax the revenues of India. It dislocates many traditions and interests. The work of un-doing has already begun. Calcutta is too large and rich a city to be shorn of its feathers, because it must lose the prestige which is associated with a national capital; it must be stripped of this adventitious prop, and recoil upon its own resources. The tone of its press and the speech of its citizens are bitter when the subject of removal is discussed; but the matter is beyond the gates of argument.

EUROPE IN INDIA

At last, we were in India, the objective point of our tour. In our vagarious route, we had taken nearly three months to reach it. Perhaps it is unwise to anticipate too much from any country; even in the ancient home of the Aryan race; the cradle of great systems of religions and philosophies; the birthplace of Buddha, whose life and teachings have so wonderfully impressed unknown millions of men.—Here also has been the home of the most persistent aristocracy the world has ever known—the Brahmans. Again, in India were born two of the most popular of English authors, Thackeray and Kipling. In India, Lord Macaulay lived for several years as a law commissioner; here also Arthur Wellesley, afterwards the Duke of Wellington, first arose to military fame. In the line of generalship and states-

Digitized by Google

manship, India has been the theater where some of the ablest men of action whom England has produced have exercised their talents. The East India Company, through its long history, rivaled our modern trusts as a monster monopoly. The viceroys, whom England has delegated from time to time to administer the complex affairs of its Indian Empire, have generally been men of high character and great executive talent.

Nations have fought like demons for the wealth of Ormus and of Ind. Portugal, Holland, France and England were the European antagonists. Tartar hordes have drenched the sunny fields of India with human gore. Persian conquerors have pillaged and massacred. Alexander the Great, who had pierced the Persian empire as an egg shell, thundered to the Djelum river, but the revolt of his Macedonians foiled his military lust and dreams of conquest.

The French at one time nearly ousted the English from the control of India; but their able general, Dupleix, after splendid services to his ungrateful country, returned to Paris, to die a pauper.

India has been a missionary ground for fervid, self-sacrificing messengers of the Christian religion. The greatest names among them are St. Francis Xavier, whose beautiful wife well deserved the crown of sainthood, and the benignant Bishop Heber of the Church of England, and Schwartz, a man of wonderful power.

Digitized by Google

INDIA'S MYSTICISM

The mysticism of the human mind has found riotous expression in India. Religious fanaticism has nowhere flamed into greater fire. Here have thrived for ages cults and mysteries, hoary and venerable, which pass under a mask of novelty in the West. Faith-cure, mental science, a negation of the efficacy of medicine, a segregation of mind and body, belief in refined sorcery, demonology, malicious animal magnetism,—all of which have an occasional recrudescence in the West,—have been popular beliefs in India for ages, and now have schools of professional practitioners. There is nothing new under India's sun. Even the evolutionary philosophy of Herbert Spencer and Darwin,—the cardinal principle of modern science,—was foreshadowed in the Vedantic writings of the ancient Aryans. In India, the land of dreams and visions, a progeny of miracles has influenced the mental life of the people. Myth-making is ingrained in Indian thought. Sunworshipers, fetich believers, animists, occultists, Brahman, Buddhist, Moslem, and now the Christian, have made their appeal to the inhabitants. A ghostly procession of dead faiths, lost illusions, living superstitions, an exuberant crop of miracle mongers, have walked its stage. The ancient myths have a tremendous vitality. They seem to disappear and then re-appear in a thousand new forms. It is not at all probable

Digitized by Google

that Christianity, either in its Romanized or Germanized aspects, will ever be adopted, as a system, by the Indians. Before it can percolate into the national consciousness, it must be modified; it can only be absorbed as the upper stratum overlying the spiritual deposits of the ages. At present, only some seven or eight in a thousand of Hindus accept any form of Christianity.

It is an old proverb, but a true one: "He who would bring back the treasures of the Indies must carry these treasures there with him." India is a most complex country. That a fleeting tourist may get anything but an unprofitable gluttony of the eye, from a brief visit here, he must have a bedrock of knowledge of Indian history and institutions. Even with this, intellectual honesty will compel him to admit that he has appropriated but little of the real India. A very intelligent Englishman, who had been in official life in India for many years, said to me: "In my long residence here I have visited almost every place of importance, have seen the notable ruins and have tried to learn something of India; but, to be honest, I feel that I have hardly touched it. I know next to nothing about it; and I do not know anyone who knows more. India is almost beyond understanding."

Digitized by Google

INDIAN USAGES

There are two Calcuttas; one that of English officials, merchants, bankers, and of the military class. These make quite a parade in government buildings, hotels, clubrooms, theaters, automobiles, business-circles and social life.

The other and real Calcutta is that of the Indians; it is an immense vortex in which the English contingent is only a molecule. Leave the commercial center of parks, squares and western buildings; go into the so-called native quarters and watch their surging life. You will find that the Indians who have been gathered into Calcutta, from the backwash of village life, by the in-draught of the capital city, are essentially as Oriental, clannish and impervious to modern impulses, as their forbears were centuries ago. Except among the educated classes and native officials, few Indians have rubbed off from the English anything below the surface. Western thought and ideals are sprayed into foam when they break against Indian conservatism and superstitions. As his fathers were, so generally seems to be the Indian of to-day; encased in the same immemorial customs, narrowed by the same limitations of outlook; trussed up in the same pride of caste; a victim to many of the same hideous superstitions.

Kalighat Temple is one of the most sacred

Digitized by Google

shrines in India: devoted to the worship of the mythical goddess Kali. According to the Indian myth, when her body was dismembered by order of the gods, one of her fingers dropped to the earth at this spot. It is believed that it was found and that it is now preserved in a golden box behind the heart of the idol in one of the altars of this temple. We had anticipated seeing an ornamental building which, even if typifying an obsolete paganism, would represent something of noble Indian art. What a disillusion awaited us. The tramcar took us through a filthy Indian village. A Hindu priest escorted us through the temple. Everything was revolting. Crowds of frenzied people were rushing to a pond of muddy water diverted through pipes from the sacred Ganges. All plunged into the dirty pool, uttering prayers to Kali. Sacred cows wandered in the precincts of the temple. The buildings were small and ugly. In one of them a mass of worshipers, mostly women, were drinking and bottling water which was brought into the temple from the pond, frantically grasping it and invoking the blessing of Kali.

There are several temples, none of them large. In at least two of them are hideous idols of Kali; her tongue protruding from her mouth. In the idol where the mythical finger is supposed to be boxed, the tongue and part of the head are of gold. Only believers are allowed to enter the

Digitized by Google

sion of no converts. It is a birth-right religion. Before these idols worshipers prostrated themselves and prayed. Their castes or special worship were indicated by a streak of powder or paint traced on the forehead.

One of the courts was running with blood of goats, sacrificed by their owners to the goddess. As we approached, for we were allowed to enter this court, a goat was brought in; one priest laid it upon the stone altar, passing its head under an iron frame; another priest raised the sacrificial ax and chopped off the head. Our priest-guide told us that generally a hundred goats are sacrificed at this altar each day.

The courts swarmed with mendicants. A leper thrust out his handless, fleshless forearm and cried for alms. Wretched creatures touched their eyeless sockets, or rubbed their sores, or pointed to paralyzed limbs, moaning for gifts. All sorts of images and articles of Hindu worship were offered for sale. Wandering minstrels sang invocations to Kali, and then asked to be paid for so doing. The sacred cows looked fat and sleek; many of the human beings degraded and wretched. The stench was almost unbearable; blood, dust, dirt, slime and offal contributing their quota to the reek.

Many of the worshipers are pilgrims, often poor people, who come from distant provinces of India in order to bathe once in the sacred pond and to bow before the finger of Kali.

Digitized by Google

It must be remembered that the Hindu or Brahmanical faith numbers more than 200,000,000 adherents; two-thirds of the population of India. There are some 60,000,000 Mohammedans in India. The impact of Christian missionaries and the religion of the English over-lords have reached more of the lower castes or the outcasts than the upper castes. The bulk of the Indians are petrified in the social strata of unknown ages.

Go into another quarter of Calcutta, where many thousands of natives live and carry on business. Such precincts in Japan, China, Java, the Malay Peninsula and in Egypt have a mild interest. They are bubbling fountains of yellow humanity: generally tricked out in colors, with lanterns burning or with bunting flying. Often they are dirty: often they exhibit ignoble living. The bazaars, or business centers of native shops in Calcutta lack this interest. Their color may be called a bitter-light. The people look wretchedly poor, unhealthy, stunted. They stare at the stranger with vacuous eyes. Everything seems somber and lack-luster. The filth and reek of the Orient are here: all that is squalid: the charm is missing.

It is of some interest to know that the name Calcutta is a corruption of the word Kalighat, the river bank where the goddess Kali is worshiped and where the finger touched the earth

Digitized by Google

XIII

INDIA

(*Continued*)

Know'st thou the land where the lemon-trees bloom,
Where the gold orange glows in the deep thicket's gloom,
Where a wind ever soft from the blue heaven blows,
And the groves are of laurel and myrtle and rose?

Goethe.

THE HIMALAYAS

Few countries present greater diversities of scenery than India. In a few hours one can shift from the sunny plains of Bengal to the Himalayan mountains, which begin in Nepaul, Sikkim and the other northern provinces, and end in the great plateau of Thibet. The upper terminal station of the railway system is Darjeeling, which is about 380 miles to the northward of Calcutta. The railroad carries the tourist through an unusual range of scenery. Starting from Calcutta he runs along the plains until he leaves the train for a steamer which crosses the Ganges. As the start is late in the afternoon, when the burning sun is low in the sky, the passage over the mysterious river is in the early evening. When we crossed, the moon was rising and throwing a

Digitized by Google

phantom splendor on the water. The crossing being diagonal, there was a distance of about thirteen miles from landing to landing; much of it over shoals. Constant soundings of depths are made, as the channel is hardly the same on any two successive days. The station on the right bank of the Ganges is 116 miles from Calcutta; that on the other side is called Sari Ghat. At the latter station we took sleepers, uncomfortable enough to one used to American railway service. No bedding, towels or soap are furnished to the passenger on any of the Indian railways.

In the morning, after a trying night in the sleeper, we reached Silliguri. At this point, we were transferred to the narrow gauge Darjeeling Himalayan Railway. We reached Darjeeling after a run of nearly six hours from Silliguri. The gauge of the mountain railway is only two feet. Perhaps the railway may have its counterpart in Switzerland, California or Colorado; probably in Mexico; but it certainly is a work of consummately skillful engineering.

The climb to Darjeeling, which is nearly 7,000 feet above the sea-level, is full of surprises and glimpses of magnificent scenery. The Ganges, the shining plains of Bengal, wandering rivers, which have found their level after issuing from the mountain gorges, are gradually left behind, as the lithe train springs up the steep highway.

Digitized by Google

Before us were the hither foot-hills of the majestic Himalayas, separated by glooming valleys, hirsute with trees. We cut through jungles and a wilderness of tropical growths. Soon these ceased, and an army of high trees lined the track; especially of the ever-present bamboo. Fruit trees were sprayed into white blossoms, even in mid-winter; ferns, with spreading tendrils, were climbing on walls and cliffs. The most interesting of all the vegetable sights was the tea plantations, of which there seemed to be no end. The tea is planted up to a height of 5,000 feet. Some of the mountain-sides were entirely utilized for the culture of this crop. We were told that 15,000,000 pounds of tea are harvested annually in this region of diffuse hills and curving valleys. The tea-plant is tough enough to withstand the cold winds that sweep down from the mountains, and finds enough nourishment in the rocky soil to grow into vigorous life and to ripen.

The train dashed through rock cuttings; often dropped into waves of fog; then emerged into the brightness of Indian sunshine. A considerable part of the track runs along the cart-road, which was built by the government for the passage of English soldiers, before the railway was constructed. Now garrisons are stationed at Darjeeling and several other places near by. The main military use, however, of this region is as a sanitarium for sufferers from fevers so often contracted in the hot plains. Civilians and soldiers

Digitized by Google

now fly to this great reservoir of invigorating coolness. Darjeeling is to the Province of Bengal what Simla is to the court retinue of British India—a summer residential quarter.

Sinking into seas of fog, then rising from them; watching the cordon of stilted mountains; looking down upon the tin roofs of the cottages of the hillsmen; gliding through Oriental bazaars; seeing here and there a missionary station; curling around loops and reverses in side-tracks, when the engine twisted in coil upon coil around the flanks of a mountain, or was avoiding an abysmal canyon; hearing the gurgle of an occasional waterfall that was tumbling down a sheer cliff; then the train was stopped at Ghoom station,—the top-notch of the railway journey, 7,407 feet above sea level. From this apex, descending about 400 feet in a distance of four miles, we perched at last at Darjeeling.' The town has about 30,000 people and a considerable number of government buildings, boarding schools, missionary stations, military cantonments and hospitals. It is built upon a ridge, around which is a congeries of mountains and hills, watered by intersecting rivers. It is the frontier town near the divisional line between British India and Independent Sikkim.

The region is extremely romantic. It is diffi-

Digitized by Google

scenery. The Himalayas are the highest mountains in the world. They are the gathering ground of monsoons and fogs. The annual rainfall in Darjeeling is about 125 inches.

It was a sharp change from the sultriness of Calcutta to the cold of Darjeeling, where the temperature falls twenty-five degrees in a night.

All travel has its disappointments. We had made the tiresome journey for the purpose of seeing the monstrous mountains which are poetically called "The Roof of the World." We were greedy to set eyes upon the highest protuberances of the earth's surface. The best point for the observation of the snow-crusted Himalayas, in the neighborhood, is Tiger Hill, an eminence 2,000 feet higher than Darjeeling, about six miles distant from it. It can be reached by pony or by a sedan-chair, locally styled "a dandy," carried by five stalwart mountaineer natives. So we arose at three o'clock next morning, and in the cold and impenetrable darkness were carried, some on ponies, some in dandies, to Tiger Hill. It was a strange journey, in desolate silences, over rough hill-roads, through darkling valleys. Our desire was to catch the glorious sunrise on the supreme mountains. But, alas for the fallaciousness of human hopes. In about two hours we, chilled to the marrow, reached Tiger Hill, only to suffer disappointment. A sheet of cloud

Digitized by Google

and fog wrapped the mountains. Our vision could penetrate hardly five hundred feet from the hill. We mounted the observation tower, shivering with cold, while the clammy fog smutched our faces. The fog grew thicker and thicker. All we could do was to swallow our regret and return to the hotel. It should be said that, even from Tiger Hill, it is rare to see more than a shadowy outline of Mount Everest, the world's bumper mountain, 28,994 feet high. It must be seen mostly "in the mind's eye"; but Kinchenjunga, 28,156 feet high, the nearest rival to Everest, is often seen; also a line of other peaks connected by ragged drifts of everlasting snows, even in Darjeeling. At times, more than twelve peaks may be counted, each rising above 20,000 feet.

KINCHENJUNGA

We stayed four days at Darjeeling, waiting for the drying of the fog. Only once did we catch a glimpse of Kinchenjunga; that had to suffice; and it was very much. If we failed to see all that we had anticipated, it was a good deal to see the second highest mountain in the world. The setting was magnificent. The fog was lapping the valleys. The sun was fighting its way through the misty shrouds. Ranges of mountains now tossed off the fog as a feather; then the fog again crept over their disgraced faces. It

Digitized by Google

On the sudden, as we peered upward into the northern sky, there was a rift in the clouds. They slunk away for a few minutes, as though the Great Spirit had breathed upon them. In the rift, serene and shining, Kinchenjunga raised its awful, jagged head; dressed in a white veil of eternal snows. Glittering, with folds of light passing into billows of startling glory poured out from some fountain of the sky; "clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful"; opulent in all that makes veracious majesty, the proud mountain smiled upon us for a few minutes.

The glorious vision, ephemeral as a meteor, seemed almost an illusion; "some false creation, proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain"; a phantasmagoria; a dream. But no; Kinchenjunga was there with its canopies of snow. We knew that, beneath its white crown, 11,000 feet of perpetual snow were resting. There was the mountain, ringed high in the breathless air, disdaining the impudent fogs and clouds that sucked away at its breast, and drained the heat of its ally, the sun.

The giant mountain triumphed over its vaporous foes only for a few minutes. Soon the fog furrowed its face; then, once more, all was gray mist.

THE HILLSMEN

Superb as is the mountain scenery in Darjeeling and vicinity, there are other interests for the

Digitized by Google

tourist. The human element is an alloy of many races of rude, uncouth hillsmen. It is a jumble of humankind of which the Western world is generally ignorant. Here are the Nepaulese from Nepaul, the Moslem from Kashmir, the Thibetan, who has migrated from the vast un-charted highlands of Thibet: other ancient races are the Bhootias from Bhootan, and the Pathans. Most of these peoples,—and others whom it is hard to name,—are intense Buddhists; and their Buddhism is mixed with old superstitions. Their shrines are on many hills. A common sight is that of handkerchiefs and pieces of cloth hanging from trees or clothes-lines, on which their prayers are written. The people believe that the winds fluttering their prayer-cloths will transmit their seekings to their divinities. Bhootan and Thibet furnish a host of lamas or Buddhistic priests. These also act as doctors; but their practice is of the most approved form of faith-cure. The lama has no scientific knowledge of medicine; he attempts cures by prayers and incantations; all the patient needs to do is to have faith. What a delightfully simple theory; how much easier than surgical operations and drugs.

The Dalai Lama, whom the Chinese have expelled from Thibet, is now living in Darjeeling. He is regarded as the re-incarnation of Buddha; and is reverenced by the simple-minded hillsmen as a god. Crowds of pilgrims [illegible] an

Digitized by Google

foot or on horseback, through the mountain passes of Thibet, to gaze upon his heavenly countenance and have his blessing. A caravan of Thibetans or Bhootias is a strange picture; people with brown faces; ears, noses, often feet hung with rude jewels; coarse clothing, sometimes very dirty. The pilgrims swing their prayer-wheels and, with interminable iteration, mutter their prayer, om-mani-padmi-om: "Hail to the prince of the lotus and jewel." This is droned by lamas and pilgrims from morning to night. Their fanaticism seems harmless. In the yard of the Dalai Lama's house we saw swarms of pilgrims, men, women, and children, dressed in wild garb, who had come hundreds of miles to bow before their spiritual lord. Ignorant, childish, primitive; these pilgrims regard their lama as the link that connects their squalid lives with the divine.

A SUNDAY BAZAAR

Sunday is the day for the bazaar, or outdoor market. What a scene it was. From the early morning peasants came thronging into Darjeeling with their produce and wares. Squatted on the ground, with their goods exposed on mats before them, smoking cigarettes or pipes of enormous size, they awaited customers. Some women were loaded so heavily with jewelry and trinkets that one almost wondered how they could stand up under the burden, especially as many carried

Digitized by Google

babies on their backs. What a hub-bub of chatter; what higgling and huckstering. The unwary tourist was common prey. Every native had something to sell to him; articles which seem to belong to the realm of hobgobblin life. Many of them have a religious significance. The price asked at first is outrageous; the seller does not expect to get it. Make him or her but one offer and you will be followed as by a pack of wolves. Everyone who has the same article for sale thrusts it into your face; this process goes on until you buy or wave all the pestiferous crowd away.

Thibetan and Bhootian women have a hard lot. They are muscular; nearly as large and strong as the men. They do the hardest kind of work, that demanding the most physical exertion. They act as porters at the hotels; strap a trunk or heavy bag on their backs; fasten the strap around their foreheads, and tug up the steep hill. Often an empty-handed man may be seen following them. Women work on the roads, and even little girls break stone and carry it on their backs for a long distance. Surely in the sweat of their face do these rugged women eat their bread. They turn their prayer-wheels, then repeat the charmed words endlessly, drudge, moil, dig and bend under weary burdens. Their pleasure seems to come from maternity, from chewing the betel leaf and from the weekly bazaar. Hither they

Digitized by Google

carrying something which they have raised or made. A bazaar is a revealer of the inner life of the peasantry. There is a wildness in it which approaches picturesqueness.

MOUNTAIN SCENERY

The last day of our visit at Darjeeling gave a promise of a sun-burst, which would dissipate the snubbing fogs and open the Himalayan range to our straining eyes; but Kinchenjunga (a Hindu told us that the name means "the chain of gold"), like a Moslem woman, did not unveil her white face. Our glimpse of her had been a sort of penny-in-a-slot affair. Four days of waiting; one brief view. The next day,—ah, what a fateful word to-morrow is,—a day that never comes, for it reaches us dressed as to-day, —we were told that the fog lifted for a while.

How true are the poet's words: "Tis distance lends enchantment to the view." To see Kinchenjunga at a distance of forty miles, when every facet of its immense bulk is transfigured into silver; when a lacing of snow chastens every pinnacle and freckle, every thrust of cliff and jag, every distortion,—into a symmetry of phenomenal beauty,—is a delight to the eye. But what would an ascent of the mountain mean? what beauty could there be in a close view? Then, the mountain would lose its harmony. It would be found to be a chaos of cliffs, valleys, spurs, plateaus, torrents, sheeted ice; of sides scoriated by

Digitized by Google

frost and snow; of treacherous glaciers and moraines; of sunless valleys and scarped chasms. All sense of harmony would disappear; all would return to the formless and void. It is distance which furnishes the index and correlates the limbs of the giant.

All the story writers have always made giants stupid; dwarfs cunning. Few of the world's greatest men have been over-large in size. Bulk is not power, unless directed by a co-ordinating intelligence. The gnat that flies in the air, the little bird that wings its solitary way through the silences of the Himalayas, has more dynamic power than Kinchenjunga. They are vital; the mountain is inert, a mass of sodden rock and dirt. The snows must wash its dirty face; the winds must fan the circling mists away; the sunlight must paint each part, as an arc in a circle of delight; the human eye must interpret the whole, from the brain,—and then, beauty, light, harmony, purpose, come into action; and the mass of rubbish, ice and rock, becomes radiant as a vision of the New Jerusalem descending from heaven upon earth. Kinchenjunga came and went before our eyes like an exhalation, a mirage, a fire-fly, an air-bubble; but it was an overwhelming reality.

CALCUTTA AGAIN

On our return from Darjeeling to Calcutta, we crossed the Ganges at sunrise. A burst of

Digitized by Google

flame, burning through the chilling air, enfolded river and plain under a burnish of gold.

Our second visit in Calcutta furnished an opportunity to visit an ornate Jain Temple, and to make a more careful examination of the Museum. This is a rich collection of Asiatic relics, curios, arts and religious emblems. It is especially rich in a collection of the handiwork of Thibet, and the region from which we had just returned. We saw that the hillsmen have a sense of art and a cunning of the hand in the manufacture of textiles and working of metals, which indicate a higher order of mentality than their squalid life and infantile ways had revealed to us.

Digitized by Google

XIV

INDIA

(*Continued*)

The fair humanities of old religion,
The power, the beauty, and the majesty,
That had their haunts in dale or piny mountain,
Or forest by slow stream, or pebbly spring,
Or chasms and watery depths,—all these have vanished:
They live no longer in the faith of reason.

Coleridge.

BENARES, THE HOLY CITY

From Calcutta it was a ride of one night to Benares on the Ganges: the city sacred to the ancient Hindu faith. Except for its religious symbolism, there is little of interest in Benares. Its native quarters are dirty in the extreme; its industries are primitive. But it is, nevertheless, a city of great renown. At least a million pilgrims visit it every year. There is never a day when long lines of turbaned heads and naked feet may not be seen on its streets: of Indians who have come from far and near to find cleansing in the sacred waters of the Ganges.

Digitized by Google

Indian life. It is the wedge that separates races: the fulcrum upon which native authority rests: it controls education, aligns castes, determines the status of women, and reduces one-sixth of the population to the degrading condition of pariahs, or outcasts. It has been the source of monstrous fanaticism: such as thuggery, sutteeism, or the burning of widows on their husbands' funeral pyres; child-widowhood; infanticide; the perversions of fakirs; the juggernaut; and self-mutilation. Some of these monstrosities in a milder form were known to early and medieval Christianity. They spring from an excessive asceticism, or principle of renunciation. English law has suppressed dangerous forms of fanaticism in India: education, a common industrial purpose, and a growth of the social conscience, will tone down these extravagancies which are the spawn of intellectual degradation.

Let us imagine ourselves in a river-boat on the Ganges, following the shore line of Benares, at an early hour in the morning. As we have ridden from the hotel, we have passed crowds of pilgrims hastening to the bathing ghats, where the ablutions are performed. When we walked down the steps of the ghat and entered the boat, early as it was, we found thousands ahead of us. What a living picture was unrolled before our eyes; such as can be seen nowhere but in India.

Digitized by Google

There are five special bathing ghats for pilgrims: some of them simple, some ornate. The rajahs of Indian provinces and wealthy natives have built a long line of palaces along the river bank. In front of these are the ghats; stone steps lead down to the water; some ghats have pavilions; others huge umbrellas; some, wicker cages; a few have houses; all these for the seclusion of high-caste women whose faces may never be seen outside their households.

Let us watch the crowds streaming down the stone steps of the several ghats. All ages, sizes, many races, are represented. Every face is swarthy; so bright colors in raiment prevail. What a flutter of gaudy silks and satins as a high-caste crowd approaches; almost every color dances in the wind; the flowing outer garments are dashed from the person, laid down on the steps, and the wearer appears in bathing clothes. Every bather carries a brightly polished metallic urn, in which to preserve some of the holy liquid. Some throw wreaths of yellow flowers into the river before they enter. Most of the bathers engage in silent prayer or meditation for a moment before plunging.

Here comes a hurrying crowd of dust-stained pilgrims, perhaps from some remote part of India; no doubt, foot-sore and jaded. This is to be their first bath in the holy river; but they cannot take the plunge until they can show a priest's certificate that they have made a visit of all the

Digitized by Google

shrines in Benares, along the holy roads fringed with trees. This penance imposes a walk of forty-five miles, which requires five days. All this self-imposed, rigorous labor is more than repaid by the zealot's heavenly anticipation of his first purifying bath; which will wash away his sins and help to prepare him for eternal felicity. They rush down the steps, with hot zeal; jump into the river; plunge and plunge, again and again; inhale the water; suck it into their mouths; spurt it back into the river; pray while they are bathing; throw themselves on the river's bosom; pass the water between their hands; probably drink some of it, turbid as it is. Such scenes are going on simultaneously at many ghats.

The favorite hour for bathing is at sunrise. As the sun flames across the river in the eastern skies, many bathers slowly pour out a libation from their urns; stand and watch the sun-god in silent adoration, as the river reddens under the solar rays; when the vessel is emptied, dip it full again, and retreat up the steps, keeping face towards the sun.

All the river cities in India have burning ghats, where dead bodies are cremated. We visited one in Calcutta, and saw the body of a sweet-faced, lustrous-eyed boy crackling in the fire. Around it were a crowd of men and boys,—very likely his nearest relatives,—not one of whom showed the slightest emotion. No woman was present. The men seemed pleased to show us the un-edifying

Digitized by Google

sight and, as we were leaving, demanded money; picked up some calcined bones and tried to sell them to us. The vulgarity and heartlessness of the whole performance were the repelling parts. Probably this method of disposing of corpses is wise in a climate like that of India.

On the ghats at Benares, we saw the smoke rising from the pyres where some of India's teeming millions were undergoing combustion, after life's fitful fever was over. The bodies of animals, and sometimes those of children, are cast into the Ganges.

As we left the bathing ghats, we observed a small crowd of natives gathered at a street corner. A grave-faced clergyman, whose garb showed that he was of the ministry of the Church of England, and an Indian convert were holding services in the native language. The native preacher made a short exhortation, after which they sang in duet a Christian hymn, which we could not understand in its alien version. The crowd seemed to take but languid interest.

As all religions spring from the same source, man's struggle to connect his poor being with the eternal, perhaps a better method of solving the problem would be to emphasize those points which all religions have in common; to purge superstitions, to lead away from degrading rites which belong to the dark ages, to teach the dignity of human character, and to enrich the residual value

Digitized by Google

problem is terribly vast. At all events religion is a growth. Its roots must be imbedded in the recesses of national consciousness.

THE MONKEY AND GOLDEN TEMPLES

The Benares of to-day is not ancient. Conquest and ruin have several times rifted its life and torn away the old landmarks. When the stranger sees the mud huts of the natives, he can easily see also how unsubstantial an ancient city was. Like Memphis and Thebes of the Egypt of the Pharaohs, built of baked mud, a wash of war, a pestilence, a catastrophe, a massacre, work ruin in a short time. So Benares has been uneasy in its location. It has not been a continuing city. It now has no temples or buildings more than a few hundred years old. Dingy, blistered, they are only of fungus growth. America has buildings nearly as old.

Two temples of the Hindu faith are the center of religious interest in Benares;—the Durga, or Monkey Temple, and the Bisheswar, or Golden Temple. Both are hideous expressions of idolatry. In the former, the monkey is the sacred animal. The impish creatures grin and scamper through the courts of the temple, fed by the priests from offerings of worshipers. In the latter, the cow and bull are sacred. Thousands of worshipers throng its courts and bow at the altars. In the outer court there is the statue of a bull, garlanded with wreaths. The

Digitized by Google

live cow and bull are in the holy of holies. A gilded tower, which is really a work of art, gives to the temple its popular name.

HINDUISM AND THEOSOPHY

Benares is an educational center. Many schools are maintained; some endowed, some public. A Hindu College was endowed by a rich native for the instruction of young men in the ancient faith. Here some 1,500 youths are gathered from all parts of India. A very intelligent young Brahman conducted us through it. His mind was quick and responsive: his English excellent. His interpretation of the relation of Hinduism to modern thought showed that the scientific leaven is working in the best minds of India. He has rationalized the faith of his fathers, as many Christians have done with some of the legends of the Bible.

Near this college is the Theosophical School conducted by that remarkable woman, Mrs. Annie Besant, and her assistants. We hoped to meet her and to learn something of the relation of Hinduism, with its belief in re-incarnation, to modern Theosophy; but failed to do so. One of her assistants explained to us that Theosophists believe that Hinduism has retained more of original truth, revealed by God to primitive man, than any other religion: Theosophy sought to change no man's faith, but to clear all faiths of [illegible] nature of per-

Digitized by Google

sonality, the cycles of being, and the re-incarnation of every life. India is indeed a congenial home for such a faith.

CAWNPORE AND LUCKNOW

Of these cities, Cawnpore is unattractive; Lucknow is very attractive; a city of fine homes, spacious avenues and parks, many public buildings.

Both cities have their historical interest from their close relation with the awful Indian Mutiny of 1857.

In Cawnpore occurred the massacre of the English garrison, which had surrendered under the promise of safety from Nana, the rebel leader, one of the vilest names in Indian history;— and the unspeakable massacre of 125 women and children. Even the mutinous Sepoys refused to do this bloody work; butchers were turned into the building where the helpless prisoners were confined. All were murdered with knives or swords; their corpses were dragged to and thrown into a well. There they remain. The ghastly place of sepulture is now enclosed by a screen-fence of stone; over the well stands a marble figure, with outstretched arms, each holding a palm, of the Angel of the Resurrection. Over the gate-way in the screen is the legend: "These are they which came out of great tribulation." It should be said that, shocking as the butchery was, no woman was violated. Naturally, the English took terrible vengeance on the murderers. A me-

Digitized by Google

morial church now stands in the grounds of the Cawnpore residency, in which are tablets on which are engraved the names of the officers and men massacred by the cruel Nana and his army.

Cawnpore is surely a place of sad memories.

Its present importance is as a trade center. Its bazaar or market is vast. A moving crowd of merchants and peddlers comes and goes on every train. The Oriental is indifferent to time. He calmly lies down for hours, even all night, on the platforms near the station, or on the ground; wraps himself in his blanket, and awaits the coming or going of the train as mildly as though time was of no moment.

Lucknow has a Residency of impressive historical interest. Here we were shown through the fort where the English garrison sustained with incredible heroism the long and frightful siege of the mutineers. A recital of this great test of endurance is blood-stirring. Here Lawrence was killed; here the noble Havelock wore himself out and died; here were tears and heartbreaks; sleepless nights, anxious days, hunger and thinned ranks; here Jennie, the Scotch lassie, had her famous dream; here all seemed lost and the hapless garrison—only a remnant of which was left—with the women and children, would have shared the fate of their countrymen at Cawnpore, had not the English army at last succored them.

Great reading is the record of the English sol-

Digitized by Google

INI

(*Cont*

Think, in this batter'd
Whose portals are altern
How sultan after sulta
Abode his destin'd hour,

AG

Agra and Delhi rank
teresting cities of the wo
of the Moghul Empire.
the Mohammedan invasi
Mahmud, "Allah-breathi
ceasing, until Timour, or
golian hosts from the n
Central Asia, with mercile
triumph, leaving behind
iads of murdered Indians
mense booty. Timour's s
lived in a large part of I
hul Empire, which pr
splendid in architecture a
that human history has
Moghul Emperors, notal

Digitized by Google

X

INI

(*Conti*

Think, in this batter'd
Whose portals are altern
How sultan after sulta
Abode his destin'd hour,

AG

Agra and Delhi rank l
teresting cities of the wo
of the Moghul Empire.
the Mohammedan invasi
Mahmud, "Allah-breathi
ceasing, until Timour, or
golian hosts from the n
Central Asia, with mercile
triumph, leaving behind l
iads of murdered Indians,
mense booty. Timour's s
lived in a large part of I
hul Empire, which pr
splendid in architecture a
that human history has
Moghul Emperors, notal

Digitized by Google

were men of great ability. They built palaces and mosques of almost inestimable cost. Most of India lay at their feet; the old civilization was passing; their power was unlimited; their subjects were their slaves.

The greatest builders among the Moghul Emperors were Akbar the Great and Shahjahan. It is mainly the mosques, tombs, forts and palaces built by those, say from the middle of the 16th to the last of the 17th century, which excite the admiration of tourists.

In Agra and Delhi those emperors spent money with lavish hand. The style of architecture resembles the Moorish and Arabic. Some of the mosques suggest the round-domed Greek Orthodox churches in Russia. French and Italian architects assisted Indian and Moghul skill. Their names have passed into oblivion. "The bubble reputation" nowhere bursts into thin air more quickly than in architecture. Few care for the name of the architect of a noble building. We gaze admiringly upon his handiwork: we are not inerested to know whose subtle brain and deft hand created it from gross materials; who breathed on stone and metal, and, lo, they resolved themselves into surpassing beauty. The created thing outlives the creator. His memory is writ in water.

THE TAJ MAHAL

Father Hennepin, when he burst into the wilder-

Digitized by Google

ness, and saw before him the wonders of Niagara Falls, exclaimed: "There is but one Niagara." So there is but one Taj Mahal. It is so superlatively beautiful that perhaps it would not be right for the earth to have even its duplicate. Agra has the architectural wonder of the world. "The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces, the solemn temples" of other lands are pale beside its ineffable loveliness.

A tender sentiment, a husband's love for his wife: Shahjahan's love for his Persian wife, Mumtaz, was the motive that led to this fairy creation on the banks of the Jumna. Can it be that this exquisite memorial was the work of the human hand: that the breathless marble was ever imbedded under mold and dirt; that the jewels and precious stones that are inlaid on the mausoleums of the emperor and empress and on walls and floors must have been mined and worked into flowing shapes by the human hand? The stranger, gazing on this faultless dream of beauty, wonders if the whole is not a mirage, an exhalation of light, crystallized from sunbeam and cloud-land, rather than something of the earth, earthy. Not only the Taj itself, but also its scenic setting, are gloriously harmonious. It is on a raised platform of marble; guarded by four graceful minarets; flanked on the rear by the whispering Jumna; on the sides by tessellated parks, on which semi-tropical trees flutter in the wind and furnish homes for singing birds. En-

Digitized by Google

tering the park through a massive lodge, the path to the Taj is over a plane of glittering marble, divided into sections by artificial streams, whose jettying fountains cool the air with their spray, and in whose bosom the dome and façade of the Taj are reflected. Thus almost every element of beauty seems to contribute its gift.

The Taj is always beautiful; whether, when the soft moonlight melts it into silvery filaments or when the rising sun strikes it with shafts of light, or when the garish day flushes its tower and minarets with exultant color. It stands every test of view, every angle of vision; every vista mirrors itself in a wealth of charm. The panels are inlaid with precious stones made into the form of flowers and leaves. The ornamentation is delicate. The tombs of Shahjahan and Mumtaz are under the dome, in the crypt, enclosed by a trellis-work screen of grilled white marble. On the upper floor, also under the dome, there are replicas of the tombs. The dim light, the hush, the sense of mystery, the compelling softness of every effect, throw around this noblest of tombs a delicacy of appeal which no other structure possesses. Gateways of red sandstone are worthy pendants to the noble building. It should be said that the tomb measures 186 feet on each side; the central dome has a height of 187 feet; the finial pinnacles are the only metal products used in the Taj. All else is of pure [illegible] in its con-

Digitized by Google

struction. All was done by the human hand.

Alas for mortal inconsistencies. The glorious Taj was built by cruelly enforced labor. Thousands of coolies toiled unrequited for more than twenty years. It was cemented by tears, blood, agony and death. Moreover, the fair Mumtaz was only "the favorite wife," for, like all the Moghul Emperors, Shahjahan had his harem of polygamous wives. In his old age he was dethroned by his son, Aurungzebe, and confined as a prisoner in the fort. In his dying hours he asked to be taken to a room which commands a view of the Taj; and his last, lingering gaze was upon his splendid tomb by which his memory is perpetuated.

Agra has other fine buildings besides the Taj. The Pearl Mosque in the fort was built by Shahjahan, and is lined throughout with marble. Some of the courts and audience-halls are of elegant finish. There are sumptuous apartments once used by the women of the royal household. Once there was a system of artificial cascades, flowing streams, marble bathrooms, halls whose walls were lined with mirrors; palaces of sandstone; secret treasure-chambers; vast cisterns for the storage of water. Everything that unbridled power and royal whim could imagine, was found here. Now all is silent. The vast fort, with all its gorgeous mosques and superb apartments, is

Digitized by Google

maintained by the government, virtually as a museum.

The monumental tomb of Akbar the Great is at Sikandarah, about five miles from Agra. Another splendid tomb is that of I'timad-ud-daulah, the Persian father of Mumtaz, in whose memory the Taj was built; it is located beyond the Jumna river.

Another memorial of Moghul profligacy is the once royal but now deserted city of Fatehpur-Sikri, a few miles out from Agra. Vast ruins mark the spot where Akbar ordained that a new capital should be built. The great fort and immense buildings must have cost a vast outlay of money. Some of the tombs and mosques are fine types of Oriental art. Perhaps the most sacred memorial is the tomb of Shaikh Salim, a saint, to whose honor the city was dedicated. Imperial Akbar built the gorgeous array of buildings and constructed a fiat city. All was vain; the expenditure was waste. The site was found to be unsanitary; the water supply was deficient. In a few years it was abandoned. It stands as a monument of misplaced effort and limitless profligacy of public revenue.

DELHI

Delhi, for many years the proud capital of the

Digitized by Google

ish India, a few weeks ago the scene of the magnificent Durbar, and all the royal pageant attending the coronation of King George as Emperor of India, is rich in august history and emblems of Oriental art. Here some of the most artistic products of India are made; here the patient Indian creates beautiful forms of handiwork:—jewelry, silverware, embroidery, lace work, ivory and wood-carvings, gold traceries and metal products.

The history of Delhi is tragic, indeed. Its location exposed it to the wild fury of Tartar and Persian invaders. It has been captured, looted and destroyed over and over again. Seven successive Delhis have been built, most of them only to be blotted out. Now a new Delhi is to arise, embellished by modern art, protected by scientific sanitation. Millions of money are to be expended on the fields which have again and again been soaked with human gore.

Probably the world has known no pageant equal to that of the recent Durbar. No Moghul conqueror, no voluptuous rajah, ever was the center of such a magnificent demonstration as that which welcomed modest King George and Queen Mary. Few of the temporary memorials were standing when we visited the city.

The city now has about 233,000 inhabitants. It abounds in relics of the past grandeur of the Moghul power, and many others connected with the tumultuous horrors of the Mutiny in 1857.

Digitized by Google

Extensive ruins surround the modern city; among them 75 unknown tombs of men whose memory has faded into oblivion. The circumvallating forts are immense. The wealth of Delhi excited the cupidity, not only of Moghuls and Persians, but that of native tribes. Incredible plunder was gathered by the invaders. The wonderful Peacock Throne, one of the costliest emblems of royalty ever known, was carried into Persia after the capture of the city by Nadir. Some of the halls in the court, magnificent in architectural adornment, have been the scene of terrible tragedies. The graceful designs, exquisite marbles, rich jewels, scented bath-rooms, purling fountains, all the accessories of Oriental magnificence and unlimited pomp, have not extruded the eternal note of sadness. As the stranger wanders through the silent halls and echoing corridors, and gazes upon the monuments built by arrogant despots, and hears the tales of romance and tragedy which haunt the royal apartments, he feels that a vast, unwritten history is unrolled before his eyes, upon which are engraved a mental picture of much that is glorious and ignoble in past Indian life.

No description will be attempted by the writer, no list catalogued of the historical monuments in Delhi. Walls, bastions, moats, forts, domes, gateways, arches, columns, audience halls, fountains, tombs, palaces, statues, embankments, grottoes, enclosures, towers, minarets, all these and

Digitized by Google

many more memorials of the ancient grandeur of Delhi and the Moghul dynasty, reel before the stranger's eyes. He hears the tales of the guides, he admires, wonders; he is fascinated and spell-bound; then the memory is surcharged; all is confusion. Scene repeats scene; history treads on the heel of history. The works of Akbar, Jahinger and Shahjahan, with all their riot of splendor and garniture, reveal the same design; the Oriental sublimity of art, mingled with traces of Greek and Latin influence. Names unknown to the Western races rise from the mists of the past; stately warriors and fair dames seem to leap from their graves. A ghostly procession of conquerors and victims passes before the mind's eye. The stranger finds himself in a world, old indeed, but new to him; a world of dreams and unrealities; a wonderland of mystery. Then he thinks that most of those actors have lived, and almost all these memorials were constructed since the discovery of America.

One of the most notable monuments is the Kutab Minar, a tower of victory, a few miles out from Delhi; a stone shaft 238 feet high; a remarkable work of art. Near this tower are tombs and mosques and temples; some of them graced with stone carvings of exceeding beauty. The mausoleum of the Emperor Humayun, near Delhi, is upon the plan afterwards adopted in the building of the Taj Mahal at Agra.

Digitized by Google

THE SOCIAL LIFE

Nothing, however, is more interesting in an Indian city than its social life. All works of art have their educative value; they show what the brain and hand of man can do, in visualizing the sense of beauty, in religious aspirations and in public works. But the life of the people is the human document which the stranger must read if he wishes to carry away abiding impressions. The very heart of the Orient is unveiled in the native quarters of a great city. Here is the panorama of real life.

Delhi is mostly Mohammedan; yet there is a large Hindu contingent. The religions are sharply antagonistic. Except in business concerns, there is little fraternizing of the native Hindus with the descendants of the Mohammedan conquerors. An educated Christian Hindu told me that in five minutes a riot could be excited in Delhi, by the Mohammedans killing a cow, or by the Hindus admitting a hog into a mosque. The Hindu regards the cow as the image of divine maternity: to kill one is sacrilege. The Mohammedan regards a hog as detestable: to eat pork is an offense to his religion.

The great mosque, Jumma Masjid, in Delhi is one of the largest in India. Friday is the holy day for Mohammedans. As we were in Delhi on that day, we went to the mosque at noon, when the muezzin calls the faithful to prayer. Throngs

Digitized by Google

of men poured into the vast court of the mosque, undoubtedly from five to six thousand. A few veiled women knelt at a distance. With turbaned heads and many-colored tunics, the worshipers advanced to the pool of sacred water, laved their hands and feet; then knelt upon the stone pavement, and, as the priest shrieked out the prayer, bowed and bowed to the floor, in rapt adoration. When the women knelt their forms were entirely concealed in their robes, which they drew over them. At the times of the Mohammedan fasts, their days of purification, 25,000 worshipers may be seen here.

We remained through the short service, walked down the long stone steps into a public square. Now came another kind of view. Beggars and outcasts importuned for alms; itinerant peddlers pestered us to buy their trifles. Nautch dancing-girls, bedecked with tawdry jewels, accompanied by a tom-tom player, performed their antics. In a moment, the hush of worship was changed to the bedlam of an Oriental street, with its squalor and poverty. The contrast was startling.

AMRITSAR AND LAHORE

At Delhi we left the beaten track of tourists and passed further north in the Punjab, 325 miles, to the cities of Amritsar and Lahore. The scenery was disappointing. This part of the Punjab is a level plain.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

no castes. It has about 2,200,000 adherents.

Lahore is the capital of the Punjab; a military station of much importance and the seat of numerous institutions of learning. Its commercial importance has declined since the days of the Moghul power. It has a very interesting museum of native arts and historic curios. We made the usual round of mosques and tombs and visited Forman College.

Lahore is associated with the youthful days of Rudyard Kipling; he was educated at the government college. We saw the big cannon in front of the museum which figures in the opening chapter of his story "Kim."

Nowhere in India have we seen native quarters more characteristic of the Orient than in Amritsar and Lahore. The houses are somewhat more substantial than in the Ganges Valley, by reason of the cold winters; but the streets are just as narrow and squalid. Human life sways through them. The little booths present all kinds of Oriental wares. Fountains of water are the public bathing places. Dingy temples with hideous idols open from the streets at frequent intervals. Asses, loaded with panniers, snarling camels, coolies bearing every kind of burden, muffled women, naked children, shouting peddlers, jostle each other in moving masses. Bridal parties, tricked in the smartest colors, march, sometimes with bands of musicians, sometimes with a chorus of singing girls. Funeral processions appear

Digitized by Google

In the Punjab we were introduced to the Sikh civilization; that hardy race which furnishes so many soldiers and policemen to the Indian service. Amritsar is the religious capital of the Sikhs. Its staple industry is the manufacture of Kashmir shawls from the wool of the shaggy goat of North India. In the warm season, when the snow and ice have melted in the mountain passes, caravans of merchants defile into the cities of the Punjab, from Kashmir, Afghanistan, Bokhara, Turkestan, Persia, Nepaul and other interior regions.

The architectural attraction in Amritsar is the Darbar of Sahib, or Golden Temple of the Sikhs. With slippered feet we were shown through the sacred precincts. The Sikh religion is new, about 400 years old; its ritual is peculiar. The temples are richly ornamented. Some of the chapels no non-Sikh is allowed to enter. A priest reads or chants from the sacred book, the Granth, while pilgrims march around him, throw offerings of money or flowers; then sit down and join in the chant, to the accompaniment of some stringed instruments. Admission to the faith is by baptism. In the lower court is a large tank of slimy water in which worshipers perform their ablutions. It is difficult to understand the Sikh religion or how far it varies from other Indian faiths. It is a reformed branch of Hinduism, founded by one Nanak Sahib. It denounces idolatry and has

Digitized by Google

no castes. It has about 2,200,000 adherents.

Lahore is the capital of the Punjab; a military station of much importance and the seat of numerous institutions of learning. Its commercial importance has declined since the days of the Moghul power. It has a very interesting museum of native arts and historic curios. We made the usual round of mosques and tombs and visited Forman College.

Lahore is associated with the youthful days of Rudyard Kipling; he was educated at the government college. We saw the big cannon in front of the museum which figures in the opening chapter of his story "Kim."

Nowhere in India have we seen native quarters more characteristic of the Orient than in Amritsar and Lahore. The houses are somewhat more substantial than in the Ganges Valley, by reason of the cold winters; but the streets are just as narrow and squalid. Human life sways through them. The little booths present all kinds of Oriental wares. Fountains of water are the public bathing places. Dingy temples with hideous idols open from the streets at frequent intervals. Asses, loaded with panniers, snarling camels, coolies bearing every kind of burden, muffled women, naked children, shouting peddlers, jostle each other in moving masses. Bridal parties, tricked in the smartest colors, march, sometimes with bands of musicians, sometimes with a chorus of singing girls. Funeral processions appear

Digitized by Google

frequently, the body of the dead one carried on men's shoulders, on the way to the burning ghat. Often the corpse is covered with pink muslin or silk. No outward manifestation of grief seems to move the conclave. It is sometimes difficult to distinguish between a wedding and funeral procession. Above all, are the street-cries, the hurly-burly. Women are cooking on the sidewalks; men smoking and trading; children playing; all is a cloud of shifting humanity, restless as the sea, light as the air. Surely, India is the land of the open. Secretive by nature, sly and uncommunicative, the Indian seems to know no social privacies.

Digitized by Google

XVI

INDIA

(*Continued*)

Wandering between two worlds,—one dead,—
The other powerless to be born.

Matthew Arnold.

CENTRAL PROVINCES

The most northerly point of our Indian wanderings was reached in the Punjab. Lahore, the capital, situated in an arid plain, is one of the hottest places in India in the summer. The heat is said to be less endurable than in the lowland provinces. The English officials are developing immense irrigation projects in the Punjab and Sinde. By this method large tracts of land are reclaimed for cultivation. As we have traveled over India, we have observed how imperative is the need of irrigation on a vast scale. India is essentially an agricultural country. Three-fourths of the inhabitants live in villages and depend upon the produce of the land for a livelihood. There is not enough food raised. Periodical famines have wasted the lives of millions of people. There is no way in which these can be avoided except through irrigation. Wages are so low that most of the peasants lead a hand-

Digitized by Google

to-mouth existence. The failure of one harvest means death to many thousands. The Punjab and Sinde have been the scenes of terrible famines. Irrigation has greatly aided these provinces.

After our second visit in Delhi we turned to the southward and entered the native province of Rajputana; one of the most famous in Indian history. It is still governed by native rajahs; it is not organically incorporated into British India. Externally the contour of Rajputana is not attractive. Dry plains alternate with limestone hills; large tracts of land are incapable of cultivation. The Rajput villages are collections of mud hovels. All the land of the province is owned by the rajahs. The people in the outlying communities are miserably poor. Yet, the Rajputs are among the proudest, fiercest, most warlike and tenacious of all the Indians. Their native costumes are brilliant. The Rajput women are loaded with jewelry. They can be distinguished from other natives, when seen in the large cities outside of their province, by their smart colors and excessive ornamentation. As the train runs through the wild jungle—bare except for trees and scrubby brush—an occasional stone is seen under the pipal, a sacred tree in Hinduism. As this tree is of soft pith, it is useless economically, and has been devoted to the [illegible] and river worship as well as [illegible]

Digitized by Google

worship, is a part of the ancient faith of the people.

Jaipur, or Jeypore, is the capital of the province of Rajputana. It is a city quite after the modern type, being only about 200 years old. It is laid out with wide streets, has a system of parks and also one of the finest museums in India. An Italian architect assisted in developing the city; so there is a good deal of that uniformity in architecture which is observable in the large cities of continental Europe. Almost all the buildings are covered with stucco, painted pink. The effect is quite pleasing to the eye.

The street life of Jaipur is very brilliant. Nothing that we have seen in India equals it. Pompous elephants, gaily caparisoned, parade through the streets. It is a part of the court etiquette that every rajah shall keep at least one elephant. The animal, fat and bedizened, fares beter than the half-starved natives.

One-seventh of the territory in Jaipur is used for the Maharajah's palace and grounds. Here is true Oriental grandeur, in startling contrast with the poverty of his subjects. The sweating ryot (farm laborer) toils under the blistering sun from daylight until darkness and receives for his exhausting labor perhaps four or five cents a day —no more. Even a part of this beggarly pittance goes for taxes to maintain the vulgar ostentation of the rajahs. The palace at Jaipur is a type of hundreds that may be found in the

Digitized by Google

East—a circle of gaudy houses, often adorned with doors of bronze or silver; private and public audience halls; a dancing room; a crowd of slatternly retainers; a temple where his highness may worship; a banquet hall; a zenana, or harem, for his fifty or more concubines; a menagerie of animals. The peacock strutted over the lawns; the agile mongoose (weasel) shied at our approach into the coverts. The frisky monkey was everywhere. There was a large stud of horses. One pond was devoted to alligators. Pheasants decorated the woods. All was a mass of tawdry profusion. Yet, the Maharajah has good points. He has endowed the noble museum and has done something for popular education.

HINDU WEDDINGS AND FUNERALS

His caste imposes upon him certain obligations which are expensive. Recently his mother died; a gorgeous funeral followed. It was the privilege of any Brahman of the Maharajah's caste to eat a meal at his expense. We were told that he fed at least 1,000,000 guests. Some honors come high.

Weddings and funerals in India exhaust large sums of money. The late winter is the season of weddings. At the railroad stations and on the streets, we have seen many nuptial parties. Some of the brides were mere girls; all decked in tinsel of the gaudiest colors, generally with

Digitized by Google

happy. Marriages are always arranged by the parents. A daughter must accept the husband whom her father selects. There is no courtship. An English resident told of attending the wedding of a girl-child of five to a polygamous Brahman priest of seventy years. If the husband dies before co-habitation, the girl is considered disgraced; her hair is cut; she is allowed but one or two slender meals a day; cannot re-marry; becomes virtually the slave of the mother-in-law. Moreover, marriage generally does not mean a separate domicile for the couple. The bride goes to her husband's home, is incorporated into the family group, which consists often of a considerable number of families; the household is ruled by the husband's mother.

A strong protest is rising against these abuses, especially that of girl-widowhood. In the British Indian provinces legislation has been enacted which releases the child-widow from the cruel injustice to which the ancient customs of the land subject her.

One day we happened to see a strange affair in the streets of Jaipur. The street was wide. We observed that, for a considerable space, half of it had been fenced in. Banners were flying and music sounding. Later, we passed the place again, looked into the enclosure, and saw a Hindu wedding feast. There were no seats. A great crowd of guests squatted upon the ground.

Digitized by Google

There was a flash of iridescent colors. Many of the women were sumptuously attired. Servants were passing around food and drinks. It is to be presumed that all were of one caste. The guests, who kept coming and going, must have numbered thousands. The festivities were prolonged for hours. All was in the open air. The burning sun was beating upon the heads of the great crowd. We were told that such entertainments are very common in India. The hosts often incur ruinous debts thereby, which are sometimes left as an uncomfortable burden to their descendants.

Our landlord at Jaipur was an intelligent Hindu of the reforming class. Few Hindus are hotel-keepers or even waiters. This is owing to their aversion to eating or handling flesh food. No true Hindu ever eats meat; to do so is against the cardinal precepts of his religion. Most of the table waiters are Christians or Mohammedans. The landlord talked freely of the abuses which have crept into the Hindu faith. He said he saw signs of great changes in the near future. He favors radical reforms, yet still remains in his ancestral religion; wears the turban and garb. He believes the reform can come from within. He claims that Hinduism is, in its essence, as pure as Christianity; that its perversions are social and political. His conversation

Digitized by Google

was entertaining. He has a keen mind, like many of the Brahmans.

AJMIR AND ABU-ROAD

From Jaipur we moved on to Ajmir, also in Rajputana. Some notion of the slowness of railway day-service in India may be inferred from the fact that we were more than five hours in covering a distance of about forty miles. The intervening country is ashy, poor, dry, and thinly inhabited. Ajmir is hilly and is garrisoned by English troops. It has an ancient and sharply defined Orientalism. The Mohammedan mosque is one of the finest which we have seen in India. In the yard was a huge iron vat, set upon a furnace, in which rice is boiled every day and distributed to the poor. The mosque has some elaborate tombs in which members of the Moghul dynasty are buried. At sunset hour, the mosque was filled with devout Moslems, saying their prayers and bowing towards Mecca.

Next came a delightful rest of four days, as the guests of Rev. and Mrs. Arnold Thomas, at Abu-Road. We had had as fellow-travelers for several weeks our good English friends, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Dugdale, of Luddenden, Yorkshire, the latter of whom is aunt of Mr. Thomas. We were graciously admitted to the family circle as guests, and thus had our first glimpse of English home-life in India.

Abu-Road is a residential town for railroad

Digitized by Google

officials and employes. The houses are constructed after the bungalow fashion.

HINDU SERVANTS

In India, all domestic service is done by men. No native Hindu woman is employed. The work is highly specialized. Generally, in the simplest establishments four servants are required: a cook, a water-boy, a sweeper, a waiter; generally also a dhobie, or laundry-boy. No Western trades-unionism is more rigorous than the castes to which the servants belong. To break one's caste is infamous. If the water-boy, who brings water from a common fountain for several families, should act as waiter, he loses his caste. The discharging of a servant is sometimes attended with difficulty; members of his caste do not dare to assume his place. Wages are very low, hardly amounting to $3 a month; and the servants find themselves with food.

THE JAIN TEMPLE AT MOUNT ABU

Mount Abu,—one of the hill-resorts of Central India,—is distant about seventeen miles from Abu-Road. It is reached over a climbing highway. We took the journey in tongas, native two-horse vehicles; changing horses four times en route. Mount Abu is a summer resort and playground; but its chief fame comes from the Jain temple, or temples, called the Dilwara. They

Digitized by Google

in stone-carvings. Young priests acted as our guides. There was a multiplicity of statues of the Saint Parswanatha, to whom the sacred edifice is dedicated. Each statue is in a niche by itself; all have glass eyes. The myth runs that the one most sacred of all the statues arose out of the ground into the position where it now is. A guide solemnly assured us that this statue had eyesight; he seemed to be disturbed when we expressed our doubt of this amazing statement.

Temples and mosques are to India what cathedrals, picture-galleries and museums are to European cities. Their monotonous character, after a time, wearies the tourist.

AHMADABAD

Our next stay was at the large city of Ahmadabad, a center of cotton manufacturing. It proved to be the dustiest, dirtiest, most uncomfortable and hottest city that we had seen in India. It is intensely Oriental. The architectural attractions are several mosques, some of which have great renown. One has some richly carved stone windows. In another, we saw three slabs, sacred to Mahomet, Jesus and Mary, each. That anyone can survive the dirt of Ahmadabad is almost a wonder. In summer the heat must be intolerable. All the usual scenes of primitive Oriental life are repeated in its streets.

Digitized by Google

BOMBAY

A night's ride and we reached Bombay, which is on the western coast of India, by far the finest city in the entire peninsula. Although hot and malarious, its climate is tempered by the sea-winds. Next to Calcutta, it is the largest city in India, and has immense business interests in commerce and manufacturing. Its population is about 800,000. In the number of chimneys of cotton mills it resembles one of the manufacturing centers of Lancashire or New England. We were told that only two of the mills are owned by Englishmen. Jains, Hindus or Parsees, and the wealthy Hebrew family, the Sassoons, own the rest. Bombay has all the indicia of a wealthy city, and is the home of many millionaires. Elegant homes adorn the esplanade and Malabar Hill. The Victoria railroad station is one of which any city might be proud. There are universities, hospitals, institutions for the blind, orphanages, and a long list of public buildings, and a large zoölogical collection at Victoria Gardens.

THE PARSEES

Prominent in the civic and commercial life of Bombay are the Parsees, the last remnant of the Zoroastrians or Persian fire-worshipers. When Persia was converted to the Mohammedan faith and fire-worship was forbidden, an immigration

Digitized by Google

of Persians (Parsees) to India followed. They were tolerated in Bombay, and the present Parsees are their descendants. The sacred fire brought from the temples of the sun-god in Persia has never been allowed to be extinguished. It has been carried from temple to temple. No one but a Parsee is allowed to see it.

There are only about 100,000 Parsees in India, but their wealth, ability, business keenness and public spirit have given them great influence. They are a handsome race; monogamous; their women are unveiled; they are enthusiasts in education. They assimilate better with the Europeans than any other Indian race. They are manufacturers, traders, bankers, shippers; apparently few of them are farmers or mechanics.

The Parsee women have a peculiarly engaging manner of dress; a silken shawl, called a sarei, is drawn over the back of the head, and arranged into an outer flowing robe.

The Parsees are proud of the charitableness of their wealthy men. Many splendid institutions in Bombay are their gift. Their millionaires live in sumptuous homes. As they intermarry and allow no conversions into their sect, their numbers hardly hold their own. Withal, they are a very interesting race: a branch of the West Asian Aryan stock transplanted to India.

One of the places which every tourist in Bombay visits is the Parsee Cemetery and Towers of

Digitized by Google

Silence. The sect has never abandoned its ancestral method of disposing of the dead. There are five Towers of Silence in the Parsee Cemetery, surrounded by a finely-kept park. As it is desecration for any hand but that of a Parsee to touch a Parsee corpse, two of the towers are for those of the faith who die as suicides or in hospitals: for the bodies of such have been probably touched by the profane hands of nurses or officials. The top of the towers is open and circular, with a passage in the center. The bearers bring the corpse to the cemetery on their shoulders,—we saw two so brought: a registration is made of the name and other facts; then the bearers carry it to the top of the tower and deposit it, if of an adult, on the upper tier of the circular platform. The intermediate tier is for boys; the lower for girls. Then the vultures, scenting the carrion, begin to hover. We saw swarms of the ugly birds perching on the towers and trees. The bearers withdraw; the vultures feast upon the flesh; in about two hours the body is picked clean; only the osseous skeleton is left. This remains for a few days in the tower; then is dropped through the opening to a channel of water and is disintegrated. So strict are the Parsees of their birthright that an English wife of a Parsee, who desired to have her body thus disposed of, was refused. If a Parsee dies in a foreign land, where there is no Tower of Silence, the rule is relaxed and burial is permitted.

Digitized by Google

This ancient custom is based upon the worship of the elements. The Parsee worships fire, water and the earth. He believes that burial or cremation of a corpse defiles one of those elements.

THE CAVES OF ELEPHANTA

The Island of Elephanta, sacred in Hindu mythology, lies in the harbor of Bombay, about seven and one-half miles distant. A scrawny island, with only 300 inhabitants, it is famous for its caves, which nearly a thousand years ago were converted into temples. There are four of them, but only one of considerable size. These cave-temples exhibit the primitive idolatry of the Hindus; dedicated to Siva, the god of destruction and reproduction. Many of the figures have been mutilated, either by the Portuguese or Mohammedans, in days of religious turbulency. Enough remains, however, to enable one to see how riotous the Hindu imagination is; and how similar many of the concepts are to Greek, Egyptian, Assyrian and Roman mythology. Here we have the three-headed Brahma, the creator; the marriage of Siva; another statue of Siva dancing; the monkey, eagle, snake and elephant gods; all manifestations of Hindu divinities. Much of the work has considerable artistic merit. Angels and creatures, half human, half animal, are crowded around the colossal statues of the gods. In each cave, as in all temples to Siva, the holy of holies is the room of the lingam, a low, oval

Digitized by Google

stone column. Here sterile women come and pray for offspring: and if their prayers are granted, crown the figure with wreaths of flowers. As the English government now has control of the cave-temples, which they have restored at considerable expense, high-caste Brahmans regard them as desecrated. The worshipers are now of the lower castes.

Digitized by Google

XVII

INDIA

(*Continued*)

Everything is in a state of metamorphosis. Thou thyself art in everlasting change and in corruption to correspond: so is the whole universe.

Marcus Aurelius.

THE DECCAN

The railroad ride from Bombay to Madras was a trying experience. We were two nights and one day on the Grand Indian Peninsular Railway. For a part of the ride, the road-bed is poor and the cars joggled and jumped so that sleep was well-nigh an impossibility. Few first-class compartments are provided. The natives travel in immense numbers; most of them third class. Their dusky faces peer through the side openings from the interiors of the carriages into which they are packed like kippered herrings.

Even in visiting friends in India, the visitor takes his own servant and bedding. These the host is not supposed to provide. As domestic service is so minutely specialized, each servant disdaining to do anything out of his immediate sphere of work, a personal servant is required.

The principal advantage of a servant is in the

Digitized by Google

care of luggage. The moment in travel a tourist dismounts from the train, a swarm of coolies descends upon him, eager to carry his luggage to the hotel. As few of the coolies can talk English, a servant is a great aid in dealing with them.

Another unusual feature in Indian travel, especially in Central and Southern India, is provision for travelers at the railroad stations. Rooms can be had on the second floor, with bath, and meals can be ordered in the cafes which the companies maintain. Such accommodations are generally good, much better than can be had at many of the hotels.

A considerable part of the ride to Madras was through the large province of Hyderabad. We made no stop, as this region has been seriously affected by the plague. Hyderabad includes a large part of South Central India. One of its districts is Golconda—what a sweetly sounding word—which is famous for its output of precious stones, especially diamonds.

I do not know how many diamonds flash in the mines of Golconda, but we saw none of them. Rough hills, parched plains, dry river-beds, villages of mud huts, were the most that we saw of it from the car window. The hasty glimpse which we caught of the land to which some one gave such a charming name rather dimmed my childish vision of a land sparkling with jewels.

Digitized by Google

MADRAS

Madras, the third city of India in population, extends nine miles along the Bay of Bengal. We had crossed the peninsula and were again on its eastern rim, called the Carnatic. It is an old city. The East India Company made its first settlement here. The province of Madras is of great importance. An esplanade along the sea-line is a fine speedway. Here is a long range of bathing beaches; the English residents live in bungalows in the suburbs.

Travel in the East is peculiar. The impression made on the mind of a tourist by palaces, temples, mosques and forts is fleeting; but that made by the indescribable outdoor life in an Oriental city is enduring. There is nothing in the street-life of an American or European metropolis comparable with it. It needs a special environment of climate and custom, which the East furnishes. Secret in his inner life, the Oriental does not, like Iago, "wear his heart upon his sleeve for daws to peck at." His gregariousness, castes, immobility and standardized régime of living open his character to the eyes of the tourist. The narrow, dingy streets are a kaleidoscopic medley of costumes. Here the tourist sees the public bathing, the primitive methods of mechanical work, the greedy hucksters, the bubble of chatter, the clash of camels, elephants, asses and horses, the carriers, using head, hands, feet, and even the

Digitized by Google

mouth in transporting their burdens; the bullock carts; the goods piled on platforms; the sweat, dust, reek, filth, grime and soot; the near-by temples and mosques; the processions with deafening noise; bridal and funeral parties; bevies of priests; veiled women, with white robes encircling the head and body, two perforations before the eyes being the only method of admitting a vision of the outward world; naked children; women combing each other's hair; devotees posturing before the altars or decorating idols; the sacred cow roaming where she pleases, a chartered libertine of religion; greasy "holy men," with their bodies smeared with the oil of sandal-wood; cow-dung plastered on walls; men and women cooking in the open air; the foreheads of Hindus dotted with a spot of color or splashed with a streak, to show their caste or to denote their worship of Vishnu or Siva or Kali; the haughty Brahman wearing the sacred cord; the cowering pariah or outcast; the importunate beggar or pestiferous peddler; the fortune-teller, the letter-writer, the juggler, the snake-charmer. All these and many more are the ingredients of Indian street-life. Of course, they do not concur always on one street; but most of them become exceedingly familiar. They are every-day occurrences in all the large cities.

It is with much sacrifice that a Hindu becomes

Digitized by Google

The marriage of a Christian with a Hindu is out of the question. Even a civil marriage is impossible, unless both parties declare that they belong to neither faith.

The British-Indian government is pledged not to interfere with the native religions. This complete abstention is unfortunate. Even the abolition of sutteeism,—the burning of a widow on her husband's funeral pyre,—was violently opposed by Hindus, even by Hindu women. It is believed that if this humane law were repealed, the natives would swing back to the hideous custom at once. Renunciation has been taught to Hindu women for many generations. Indeed, it is the controlling principle of womanhood over nearly all Asia. The equality of the sexes has never been recognized.

TRICHINOPOLY AND MADURA

These ancient cities in Southern India have great interest. Trichinopoly has a picturesque location. It was the theater of bloody battles between the English and French. The Fort Rock, which was captured by the English, is a natural fortification of great strength.

The main interests, however, both in Trichinopoly and Madura are the vast temples, which have a great place in Hindu worship. That in the former city is dedicated to Vishnu, the preserver. As we approached it, we rode through a sacred grove, where the trees were marked with

Digitized by Google

V. Crowds of worshipers and pilgrims were going to or coming from the temple with the same letter painted on their foreheads.

Here we saw, for the first time, the Juggernaut car. It is drawn through the streets on festal occasions, surmounted by the idols of Vishnu and his wife. It is very heavy. A thousand men seize the cable, made from cocoanut fiber, and drag it through the streets, while the multitude prostrate themselves before it. Formerly devotees threw themselves under the huge wooden wheels, a willing sacrifice to the gods. To be crushed under the Juggernaut was meritorious. This barbarism British rule has stopped.

Both the temples of Trichinopoly and of Madura are imposing in their architectural structure. They are ornamental with tall towers, called gopurams, visible from a great distance. On these gopurams there are thousands of idols; at the Madura temple, 6000 idols in all. The sanctuaries are devoted to the several castes. No low-caste Hindu is allowed to enter those where the higher castes worship; but, on two weeks of the year, the idols are removed to a large sanctuary, which is given up for the time being to the low castes.

Trichinopoly is an irregular city, made up of seventeen villages; it is also a military station. The Rock is 273 feet high. The temple of Vishnu is named [illegible] contains a

Digitized by Google

collection of diamonds and other precious stones, of immense value, which have been given as offerings by votaries. In the court of the temple is the Hall of One Thousand Pillars; not very impressive. The number of pillars is exaggerated.

The Great Pagoda or Temple of Shiva at Madura is even more elaborate than the Vishnu Temple at Trichinopoly. One of its most interesting attachments is a gallery of frescoes, on which are painted the genesis and development of the Hindu myths. Here the stranger can study the symbols and poetic fancies out of which the luxuriant mythology has been developed. Nothing is too improbable or unscientific to have place here. Astounding miracles, gross myths, are pictured as facts. Credulity is at the base of much that is called religion, all over the world, among all families of men; but nowhere is it stamped more vividly than in India.

The Hindu worshiper begins by accepting the ancient miracles as historic facts. To doubt, is sinful. Then he begins to explain them. For instance, a very intelligent Hindu, of the reforming clan, at Amritsar, told us that the old Aryans probably had the telegraph and aeroplane, because the legends recited that an army from the island of Ceylon came, in one day, to the aid of their heroes in North India. Even his keen mind had not reached that stage where he could dissociate poetical myths from exact truth. His position is an exaggeration of faith

Digitized by Google

which leads into a morass of superstition.

The temple at Madura is richly ornamented. Its carvings are among the finest which we have seen. Madura was once the scene of more fanatical worship than that of the present day. Here, until stopped by the British government, were held, for many years, the "swinging festivals," in which fanatics were hoisted into the air and swung around a pole by iron hooks, forced into their backs. It is said that generally the agony was abated by some anodyne, which was injected into their bodies before the prongs were inserted.

At Madura we had our first experience with a punkah-wallah. We were lodging in the chambers of the railroad station. The heat was almost suffocating, and there were no electric fans. There was a punkah in each room. The puller, the punkah-wallah, was not in sight. Two or three times he fell asleep. At once we awoke; the cessation of the waves of air seemed to create a vacuum. We aroused him and he pulled and pulled energetically. In the morning, a middle-aged man came and bowed before me. I found he was the punkah-wallah. He pulled all night for eight annas, sixteen cents of our money.

Our tour in India was nearing its end. From Madura we took the train for Tuticorin, whence we embarked on a steamer and arrived at Co-

Digitized by Google

We had traveled about 5000 miles in India on railways, steamers, carriages, tongas and gharries, motor-cars and dandies (sedan-chairs), fortunately without misadventure. Our route had ranged from the hot plains of Bengal to the snowy Himalayas; through the fetid streets of Benares, Ahmadabad and Allahabad to the arid Punjab; over deserts and up steep hills. We had crossed the Peninsula from sea to sea and gone to the extreme south. We had slept in back-racking sleeping cars, in two or three most unsatisfactory hotels. We had eaten an extraordinary melange of food. We had inhaled dust, stench, smoke and mephitic air. We had entered temples, mosques, ruins, forts, shrines, markets, bazaars, almost innumerable. It is safe to say that we had mingled with millions of Hindus, pilgrims, Brahmans and outcasts. Wisely we had avoided drinking the native water, even in the best hotels. We penalized ourselves with insipid mineral waters. Generally ice was not procurable. We also avoided uncooked native vegetables. Our party of four escaped serious illness. We had heard of several unfortunate tourists, whom we had met, succumbing to typhoid or malaria and who were taken to hospitals; probably through imprudence in diet. Under our helmet hats we withstood the burning heat of mid-day. We had plenty of fatigue; some unavoidable inconveniences, but very much of real enjoyment.

Digitized by Google

Did the long tour pay? Yes, a thousand times over. India is the mystery of mysteries; the land of insoluble enigmas. The Indians are no more of one race than are the natives of Europe. A thousand streams of humankind have emptied into the ethnic life of the Peninsula. Its complexity enables Great Britain to govern its millions. Its system of castes assists. These castes, originally dividing the people into priests, soldiers and farmers or mechanics, were really primitive trades unions. They have swollen into so many sub-castes that there are said to be more than 2000 of them. Religious sanctions impressed the castes with a certain solemnity. Gross perversions resulted. To this day there is a caste of thieves. At a house where we were guests, my attention was called to a fine-looking "boy" or servant. The lady told me that he belonged to the thief-caste; but, so long as he was employed, he could be trusted not to steal, and the household was immune from robbery by members of his caste.

MONEY-LENDING AND NATIVE ARTS

A great evil in India is money-lending. The lender is called a chetty or bunyah. Exorbitant rates are charged. Custom requires that a man should assume the debts of his father or grandfather. He is thus enslaved for life. Often he cannot keep up with the swelling interest. A creditor often flogs the debtor if he cannot meet

Digitized by Google

The religious sect of Jains is a strange Indian phenomenon. They number only about 1,300,000 in a population of 315,000,000; yet they have immense wealth, often gathered from money-lending. The men wear a peculiar cap, embossed with gold or silver on the back. The Jains believe that everything, even a stone, has life. They will therefore not take life in any form. We were told of a rich Jain in Calcutta who hires a man to sleep in his bed the first part of every night, so that his substitute may attract the lice and vermin. A Jain priest sweeps the path, as he walks, to avoid killing an insect.

The Jains control much of the cotton manufacturing of India; also banking establishments. Their faces are keen and greedy. They hold in their grasp thousands of Indian peasants. They look as if they were merciless creditors.

This system of credit is a terrible curse in India. There is no country where wealth has more power. The contrast between the helpless poverty of the peasants and the barbaric opulence of rajahs and nizams is painful. The peasant is hardly one day away from starvation. Yet, with the first flush of a little prosperity, he buys jewelry for himself, wife and children. In fact, the excessive love of decoration is one of the great national evils. In the large cities families of considerable wealth often live in most ignoble surroundings. Yet, when occasion arises, they blossom out with expensive jewels and ornaments.

Digitized by Google

There is also a caste of beggars. Probably some of the mendicants are really needy; some are pretenders. The beggar meets the tourist almost everywhere; whining piteously, he stretches out his hands, bows and prostrates himself. It requires quite a hardening of the heart to resist his importunities. Little children are taught the trick of begging. Often the appeal is supplemented by bringing up one afflicted with blindness or lameness. The "holy men," of whom there is said to be 1,000,000 in India, live by beggary.

Such are some of the shadows in Indian life; and the list could be indefinitely extended. On the other hand, there is much that is beautiful. We have not seen a drunken person in India. The street crowds have been very orderly. The Indians are a courteous race. We have not suffered one act of discourtesy. Smiles and welcome await the stranger at every temple and museum. Moreover, the native arts are wonderful. The ivory carvings, wood and metal work, braidings, carpet weaving, lacquer, silks, laces, embroideries and many other exhibitions of high and refined taste, executed with marvelous patience and ingenuity, show what latent power there is in the composite race. There is a vast reserve of ability which by and by will be exercised on a larger field. A curio shop in Benares

Digitized by Google

quisite fabrics and metallic wares are still made by hand. To hurry is no part of the Indian character. He learns one thing and to do that one thing well. Slowly machinery is supplanting hand-labor.

The Indian, like the Japanese, understands color effects. His art exhibits a taste, a sense of form, often a dignity, which is remarkable.

The Indian temperament is artistic. From his turban to his temple, his eye is quick to adopt that color or symbol which most befits the object.

INDIAN RETROSPECT

India is now behind me. The dream of my boyhood has been realized. My eye has rested upon the fanes, the sacred groves, the stately temples and mosques, the teeming cities, the overflowing bazaars, the foaming crowds, the splendid arts, the Taj Mahal, the white-crowned Himalayas, the jeweled idols, the pageant of color and ritual, of which I read when a child.

While our tour has been longer and has had a wider range than that of most tourists, I knew we touched only the hem of the mighty civilization. Of its inner life, its secret temperament, its intellectual stirrings, its heart-beats, a stranger can learn but little.

There were some disappointments: but much was realized. Some experiences will be dwarfed; others will dilate, if life is spared. Much has

Digitized by Google

been left unseen. A tour of a year would leave much unseen.

India, even under the fresh impressions of this hour, looms up in the memory as something ghostly and spectral; almost an unreality: "the stuff that dreams are made on." It is unlike any other country. It was a civilization when Europe was a wilderness and America unknown. What has given it its persistency? Perhaps the answer a Hindu gave me, when I asked the question, may be true: "We Indians know how to live, how to accept life. Westerners do not. We shall survive all Western nations. Our climate is our defense; English occupation is but a bubble in Indian history. It has done some harm, much good. Let the English stay as long as they wish. The time will come when they will be glad to retire. India was not intended for Westerners. When they go, the waters will close over this short episode in Indian history. We shall become ourselves again,—but wiser and better because they have been here. India is for the Indians."

Digitized by Google

XVIII

CEYLON, THE BEAUTIFUL

In the afternoon they came unto a land,
In which it seemed always afternoon.

Tennyson.

LEAVING THE ORIENT

Whether or not a country is interesting to a tourist depends, in a great measure, upon the spirit with which he approaches it. When we landed at Colombo, after a pleasant voyage of one night from Tuticorin, on the mainland of India, we were rather drugged with sight-seeing. For months we had been seeking the beautiful and the picturesque. Our sense of curiosity had been blurred by an affluence of strange scenes. Mountain and valley, hill and plain, temple and mosque, city and village, palace and hut, had been repeated to us in a hundred forms. It almost seemed that there was nothing new under the sun of the Orient for us to see. So, beautiful as is the island of Ceylon, it excited in us only a comparatively languid interest. Java had disclosed tropical vegetation on a larger scale. The Malayan Peninsula had presented its wilderness of untamed jungle. India had over-

Digitized by Google

whelmed the imagination by the millions of its people, almost as innumerable as the sands of the sea. We had been swept into the vortex of its seething cities; had watched the golden glow of its tinted skies; had been impressed by the tumultuous grandeur of its temple architecture. After all this, the gentle charms of Ceylon did not make the sensitive appeal which would have come if we had reached it earlier in our tour.

Colombo, the capital of Ceylon, is a large, modern city, washed by the dark blue waters of the Indian Ocean and swept by sea breezes. It is hot, but healthy. Its clean, macadamized streets offer excellent privileges for riding. There is little in Colombo to interest a tourist. It is a port of entry for eastward- and westward-bound steamers. They fly into the harbor, which is protected by a fine breakwater, nestle there for a few hours; then leap into the vast ocean, after giving to their passengers an opportunity to tread upon the solid earth, and to realize, after long days of sea-travel, that there is such a substance as dry land.

PLANTATION LIFE

The British Orient furnishes opportunity for a livelihood to thousands of young men. Many are in the military and civil service of the government. The great development of the rubber industry has required the investment of many mil-

Digitized by Google

lions of English capital. Most of the managers of the plantations are young men. Often they live in lonely isolation; maybe in the jungles of the Malayan Peninsula, or in the deeper solitudes of Sumatra; or on one of the smaller islands, where there is no social life, and where communication with the great world of human activities is infrequent. Such is the life of young Americans in the Philippines; such is the general aspect of all frontier living. We have met scores of young men who are thus committed to the wilderness, in their most vigorous years. Many of them complain of the burning tropical heat; of insidious malaria; of the wastage of their incomes on physicians and medicines.

Such is one of the inevitable tolls of industrial progress. To re-claim the tropics, to graft the economic processes of the West upon the alien East, will cost their price,—an awful price,—in blood and muscle. Yet all this is necessary. It is a working of the law of reciprocity. No man liveth to himself alone. Every genuine life is vicarious. Service is demanded of all of us. The tea which we drink, the rice on our table, the rubber used in many forms of our economic arts, the spices, the fruits,—everything, wrung from the soil, the world over,—are human contributions. Without the aid of man, the earth would relapse into a primeval wilderness. Man's sweat is its richest fertilizer.

Digitized by Google

INDUSTRIES, RELIGION AND SCENERY

The island of Ceylon has an area of something more than 25,000 square miles, a little more than half that of Java. It is mountainous and has much fine scenery. The aboriginal inhabitants are the Veddahs; some of these primitive people are still living on the island, black, woolly, mostly fishermen. The Singhalese—so the natives of Ceylon are termed—are a mixture of Indian and other Oriental races. Most of them are Buddhists in religion. The island has ruins of ancient Buddhistic temples. Tradition says that Buddha made three visits to Ceylon. When the religion which he founded was absorbed in India by Hinduism, it remained the faith of Ceylon. At Kandy—now a mountain resort, once the capital of one of the Singhalese kingdoms—we visited the Maligawa Temple, the Temple of the Tooth. Here, for many years, it was believed that a tooth of Buddha was preserved; it was regarded as a relic of great holiness. It was destroyed by the Portuguese, and one of ivory is substituted. The temple was also interesting as the repository of a library of Buddhistic literature; the books in one alcove are in the ancient Sanscrit language.

Ceylon, now a British possession, has been under control of Europeans—Portuguese, Dutch or British—for some four hundred years. It was once divided into several petty kingdoms, generally

Digitized by Google

ber and rice. Once coffee was a staple product, but about forty years ago a fungus destroyed the plant, and tea was substituted. This industry has grown amazingly; the annual output exported has reached 190,000,000 pounds.

Adam's Peak is a sacred shrine, visited annually by many thousand pilgrims. On it is an indentation in the rock which is in the form of a human foot. The myth-making instinct of man has given to this stony freak several interpretations. To the Buddhist it is the imprint of the footsteps of Buddha; to the Hindu of Siva; to the Moslem of Adam. Thus each religion finds the spot sacred. To make a pilgrimage to it is a high act of superstitious duty.

Kandy is a delightful little place, snugged in green hills. An artificial lake refreshes it with coolness. The town offers numerous attractive excursions. One of them is a ride to the river, where we saw seven sacred elephants taking their afternoon bath. The bulky creatures sported in the water like children. Their riders scrubbed them with curry-combs; patted them, as they lay sprawled upon the bed of the shallow river; and called them by their names when they wished them to come out.

Another fine excursion is to the botanical gardens at Peradeniya.

Here is a large collection of tropical growths. A railroad ride of about forty miles took us up a

Digitized by Google

steep grade, to Hatton. We passed immense plantations of tea and rubber. Tea seems to thrive the best in high altitudes. The hillsides were covered with the bushes carefully adjusted in long rows and cultivated with scientific precision. The tea-plant is long-lived. The climate of Ceylon is admirably adapted to its culture. The paddy (rice) farms are generally located in the valleys.

As almost everywhere in the Orient, we heard the cry of scarcity of labor. Indentures are not now much in use. Labor is free. Wages are slowly rising. India offers a swarming labor market. Thousands of Tamils work on the plantations of rice, rubber and tea. Their employers advance their passage-money. Complaints are heard, as in the Malayan Peninsula, of the frequent faithlessness of the coolies in failing to keep their contracts. It seems singular; but we heard the complaint over and over again in Java, the Malayan Peninsula, and Ceylon, that the native is indolent, indisposed to work, with few wants, and little ambition to learn any new processes. So, alien labor must be imported.

THE INDIAN OCEAN

On March 14, we started by steamer for the long voyage to Marseilles, France, via the Red Sea and Suez Canal. It was not quite a farewell to Asia, for we knew that the steamer would touch

Digitized by Google

at Aden, Arabia; but it was a farewell to the impressive Indian civilization; to all the vivid experiences which make India the most fascinating to the tourist of all lands. Behind us lay the mighty cities, the glorious temples and mosques, the many millions of turbaned heads and swart faces; the noisy streets of the bazaars; the chatter of strange tongues; the haunting, unreadable mystery in which the ancient land is shrouded. We thought of the much that we had seen; of the more that we had not seen. All was now swept into the memory; the snowy Himalayas, the lowlands of Bengal and the Deccan, the plains of Punjab, the arid reaches of Rajputana and Hyderabad; the tumbling ridges of South India; the plantations of Ceylon.

Favoring winds and gentle waves made the voyage pleasant. The steamer was crowded with passengers. It came to Colombo from Australia. More than half the 300 passengers were from that distant island, and from still more distant New Zealand. A cheery, robust lot of people, they look as if the world had used them well. When they reach England,—" home," they all call the motherland,—they will have been more than a month on the steamer.

The steamer's course was over that part of the Indian ocean known as the Arabian Sea or Gulf. Happily, the extreme heat which we dreaded, was absent. The northerly monsoon favored us.

Digitized by Google

On the third day we sighted the northeast coast-line of the great continent of Africa; the independent region, known as Somaliland, where the Mad Mullah gave the English so much trouble a few years ago. It is a grisly, inhospitable shore-line; with hardly a tree in sight; running back to gray hills. The only visible signs of life were a few tiny villages and an occasional fish-boat. North of Somaliland are Italian and French possessions; back of them Abyssinia; then the arid wastes of Upper Egypt.

ADEN, ARABIA

On the fourth day we entered the harbor of Aden. This ancient city is now an English possession, incorporated as a part of the Bombay Presidency. In the harbor lay several steamships. Aden is strongly fortified, as it commands the entrance to the Red Sea. Once it was an outpost of Phœnician commerce. That adventurous, seafaring race sent its flat-bottomed vessels down the Red Sea in search of gums, pearls and tropical products; and down the east coast of Africa for ivory. The commercial importance of Aden is shrinking. It is a collection of Arab villages, inhabited by all sorts of dusky races.

We spent nearly a day on shore. Nothing could be more uninviting than the parched purlieu of Aden. There is no arable soil; no vegetation. It is a treeless, plantless waste. The region is

Digitized by Google

when—constructed a system of water tanks, in days before the condensation of brine was discovered. These tanks were designed to catch the drip of the thunder-storms, which occasionally burst over the desert's dusty face. They have a storage capacity of 8,000,000 gallons. They are now entirely empty. The water used in Aden is obtained by condensation and sold to the people. The tanks are ingeniously constructed and are the one object of interest to the tourist. Salt is distilled in large quantities from the sea-brine.

The street life in Aden is of the most miscellaneous character. Here are seen the Bedouins, the men from the province of Yemen; those of the Azra tribe; Samalis, Soudanese, Nubians; fierce-looking clansmen from the interior of Arabia; Jews and some Hindus. The camel is the universal beast of burden. Thousands of them trail into and out of the city loaded with packs that would crush a horse. One section of the city is devoted to a camel market. Coffee, dates, figs, ostrich feathers, gums and spices are the main articles of commerce. Caravans of camels from the unknown interior of Arabia come and go in ghostly procession.

All food is imported into the city; yet the people seem to be well-fed. Loafers lounged about the shop-doors, playing cards. As the Arabs are Mohammedans, the women are veiled.

Aden is a strange, wild, parched city of nearly 50,000 inhabitants. Behind it stretch incommun-

Digitized by Google

icable deserts, where the nomadic Bedouins range on camels and Arabian horses; fierce, untamed, lawless, rapacious.

Little is known of Arabia; yet it is the birthplace of one of the world's great religions. From its deserts the Saracenic followers of the Prophet once poured over Western Asia, Northern Africa, and Southern Europe; animated by frenzied fanaticism, greedy for loot. Mecca is visited by every faithful Moslem who can manage to get himself there. Under the fierce skies of Arabia, on its thirsty sands, in its palm groves, are an unknown number of millions of people; living as their fathers did; proud of their faith, impervious to new truths.

In its way, Aden was very interesting. In the summer, it is one of the hottest places on the globe.

THE RED SEA

We passed Perim and Cape Babel Mandeb in the early morning, before daybreak. When we awoke, we found ourselves on the Red Sea. There was nothing in its color to indicate the appropriateness of its name. It is about 1300 miles long. Its greatest width is 200 miles. The sea is shallow; coral reefs line the African and Arabian shores. It is in a slow process of upheaval. A great commerce passes over it. Some of the ugly-looking reefs are surmounted with lighthouses.

The drowsy days passed in languid idleness.

Digitized by Google

thought and ways of far-off Australasian life; to compare views on the intricate problems which all the nations of the world are facing: to learn a little of the manner of Antipodal life.

THE SUEZ CANAL AND PORT SAID

For sixteen hours the steamer strained through the Suex Canal. Its level, sandy banks contrast strangely with the rocky cliffs through which the Panama Canal has been hewn. Here and there was an Egyptian village; now and then a train of camels; an occasional palm-grove; but most of the landscape was an arid plain; a dreary waste. Much engineering skill is required to keep the canal from filling with silt. Trees have been planted; barricades constructed; channels deflected. Yet with all this expense the canal is a highly prosperous investment.

We landed at Port Said for a day. The shore-town had greatly improved since my last visit, four years ago. It has been vivified into quite a clean and respectable port. Most of the shops seemed to be kept by French and Italians.

In the late afternoon we set sail for Marseilles, France. The sands of low-lying Egypt receded into the gathering darkness.

FAREWELL TO THE ORIENT

We were moving from the dreamy Orient into the more robust Occident. Behind us, were the ancient lands of mystery; the cradle of all the

Digitized by Google

great religions of the world; the plumed palms, the cocoanut groves, the rose-tinted skies; the oceans of human life; inveterate traditions; immense areas of uncharted history; swarms of nationalities; the appealing call of the home-land of the human race; the incommunicable charm; the inarticulate throbs of a billion of hearts.

Before us was the Occident with its civilizations building upon the dynamics of liberty; with its glory of mechanics, its witchery of science. We knew that, in the interaction of the East and West, the collision will be largely of realities with dreams; of the trained brain and hand with riotous imagination and crude muscle; of free inquiry with ancient superstitions.

The rosy clouds softened into mother-of-pearl. The tremulous vapor thickened with jet.

Soon, black night settled on the restless Mediterranean, and closed

"The Golden Window of the East."

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

HW 1XWG Q

THE BORROWER WILL BE CHARGED AN OVERDUE FEE IF THIS BOOK IS NOT RETURNED TO THE LIBRARY ON OR BEFORE THE LAST DATE STAMPED BELOW. NON-RECEIPT OF OVERDUE NOTICES DOES NOT EXEMPT THE BORROWER FROM OVERDUE FEES.

Harvard College Widener Library
Cambridge, MA 02138 (617) 495-2413

WIDENER
OCT 2 6 1996
BOOK DUE

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google